McKean County Miner.

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SMETHPORT WINS TWO EASY GAMES

Defeated Derrick City Tuesday and Mt. Jewett Friday.

MOUNT JEWETT QUIT THE GAME

Fuller Pitched Both Games and Did Good Work—All the News of the Week in Local Base Ball

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Smethport	5	0	1.000
Mt. Jewett	3	3	.500
Eldred	2	4	.333
Port Allegany	1	4	.200

The Derrick City ball team met defeat at Kane Field Tuesday by a score of 8 to 1. Fuller occupied the center of the stage and with the "old hoss," Tom Young, again in harness back of the plate, gave an exhibition that reminded the faithful fans of old times. Four singles was the best the oil country boys could do with the "big pitch," and two of those were of the scratch species. The local team played almost perfect ball and it was a fast, interesting contest from start to finish. The Derrick City players are a gentlemanly lot and made a very favorable impression on the Smethport spectators.

The game started with Derrick City at the bat. Three men faced Fuller in that inning, in fact, the visitors just batted once each in three innings.

Andrews led off for Smethport with a single and stole second. Shannon made a bungle of fielding Tull's hit and Andrews scored. Tull stole second and third. Daniel's sent a grounder to Trace and was retired. Keefer reached first on a player's choice which blossomed into an error and Tull scored. McCabe took first the same way and some lurid throwing allowed Keefer to score, McCabe being caught at second. Fuller fanned. Tally three for Smethport.

Denning made another for the home team in the second on a hit, steal and error.

In the fifth Andrews was hit; Tull was safe on Korner's error; Daniels reached first on a player's choice and stole second. Keefer flew out to Walker and McCabe made a hit. Fuller went up the line on Naber's error; Young on Korner's misplay and Denning hit safely. This combination netted five scores for the locals and ended their run getting.

Derrick City scored its long tally in the seventh. Watson hit safely and stole second. Hyde followed with a single and Watson scored. Hyde stole second and attempted to score on Walker's hit, but was caught at the plate on Andrew's good throw to Young.

Smethport's one error made no difference in the score. The boys played a neat, snappy game and outclassed the visitors who are pretty good ball players at that. Fuller retired one-third of his opponents on strike outs, aside from making four assists. McCabe, Young, Daniels and Keefer did some extra fast work. For the visitors Naber, Trace and Walker carried off the honors.

The summary follows:

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Andrews, cf	4	2	1	1	1	0
Tull, ss	4	1	2	0	2	1
Daniels, 2b	4	1	0	1	8	0
Keefer, 1st	4	1	0	15	1	0
McCabe, 3b	4	1	2	1	4	0
Fuller, p	4	1	0	0	2	0
Young, c	4	0	0	9	0	0
Denning, l f	4	1	2	0	0	0
McClure, r f	4	0	0	0	0	0
Total	36	8	7	27	15	1

Derrick City	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
F Korner, 2b	3	0	1	1	1	0
Shannon, r f	3	0	0	0	0	1
Naber, s s	4	0	0	2	5	1
E. Korner, 3b	4	0	0	1	0	2
Watson, c f	4	1	1	0	0	0
Hyde, 1b	3	0	1	11	0	1
Walker, c	3	0	1	8	0	0
Delo, l f	3	0	0	0	0	0
Trace, p	3	0	0	0	5	0
Total	30	1	4	24	12	7

Score by innings:

Smethport	0	1	0	0	4	0	0	0	*	—8
Derrick City	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—1

Earned run—Derrick City.
Struck out—by Fuller 9; Trace 6.
Hit by pitcher—Andrews; F. Korner.
Stolen bases—Andrews, Tull 3, Daniels, Young, Denning; F. Korner, Watson 2, Hyde.
Passed ball—Young.
Sacrifice hit—Shannon.
Umpire—Backus.
Time of game—1 hour, 3 minutes.

MT. JEWETT 5, ELDRED 1.

The Mt. Jewett team defeated Eldred at the former place Tuesday afternoon by a score of 5 to 1.

SMETHPORT 12; MT. JEWETT 5.

The largest crowd of the season gathered at Kane field, Smethport, last Friday afternoon to witness the second league game of baseball between Mt. Jewett and Smethport. Mt. Jewett had reorganized their team and with a new captain and manager they expected to do things unexpected to our boys, but it was not until the last half of the seventh inning that the unexpected happened—Manager Mescrve and Captain Collins ordered their team off the field, because they thought they were not being treated right.

An excursion train on account of a Sunday school picnic from Mt. Jewett had brought a large crowd of people to town that morning and after the dinner had been served in the grove most of the jolly picnickers decided to spend the remainder of the afternoon watching the ball game, and therefore when the game started neither side was lacking enthusiastic rooters.

Mt. Jewett was first at bat and succeeded in getting one man to first base but no farther. For Smethport Andrews reached first on an error and scored on a passed ball and two sacrifice hits. Although Keefer made a double, McCabe a single and Fuller got hit after Andrews scored, the inning ended with a score of 1 to 0 in favor of Smethport.

Collins in the second inning got a run on an error, a steal, a passed ball and a hit, thus evening things up. But in our half of this inning, after two men were out, Andrews drove one into the creek for a home run, which again gave us a lead of one at even innings.

Neither side scored in the third and the visitors met the same fate in their half of the fourth. In our half, however, some of the boys got to hitting and we netted five runs, two of which were earned on five hits, a hit by pitcher, two stolen bases and two errors.

A white wash brush was applied to the visitors' side of the score card in the fifth and three hits earned us another run, making the score 9 to 1 in favor of the home team.

In the sixth McGee singled, stole second and scored on an error. McCabe reached first for the rimsters on a fly which was dropped when McGee and Gardner collided in right field and a sacrifice and an error scored him. Score 10 to 2.

Mt. Jewett started the seventh by hitting the ball hard and although they made only two clean hits, they made our three errors rather excusable, which netted them three runs. Andrews drew a pass, stole second and third and came home on a caught fly. Daniels drew another base on balls and scored on an error and a hit, leaving Keefer on third and McCabe on first. Here occurred a pretty triple steal which seemed to take all the ball playing heart out of the visitors. McCabe started for second on the first pitched ball and Larson tried to trap Keefer on a short throw to McCarty, but "Big Mike" was too clever at sliding and while he reached home safely McCabe also stole third. Fuller was next at bat and hit a pop fly nearly half way up first base line. The pitcher, catcher and first baseman all started for the ball and the batter started for first base, watching the ball and the fielders as he ran and therefore he did not run as a player usually does. The ball struck just behind Fuller and he reached first base without the ball touching him and without touching or being touched by one of the players and McCabe scored from third base. Captain Collins demanded that Fuller be called out for interference and when the umpire refused his request the Mt. Jewett team was called off the field.

With the hope that the Mt. Jewett team would continue with the game and thus avoid disappointing the large crowd of spectators the umpire reversed his decision, calling Fuller out and placing McCabe back on third base, but the management of the Mt. Jewett team still refused to play and the game was awarded to Smethport by a score of 9 to 0. Umpire Knapp is still firmly of the opinion that his first decision was right and says his only reason for changing his decision was to give the spectators the worth of their money.

The rules governing this play are such that it leaves ample room for doubt as to just what should have been the decision. A base runner is out if he is hit by a batted ball or if he interferes or attempts to interfere with a player who is trying to field the ball and the rule further says that in case one or more players are attempting to field the ball, the umpire shall use his discretion as to whether the man having the best chance to field the ball be the one interfered with. In this case, first there is a question whether or not there was any interference, because in the general interpretation of interference the runner must touch the one attempting to field the ball, and secondly, as Fuller was actually running toward first base all the time and the player who was nearest to the ball was behind Fuller and did not run fast enough to run into him how could he be declared out for attempted interference with the fielder who had the best chance of losing the ball.

Mt. Jewett bases its contention of attempted interference on the ground that Fuller did not run his best and that he did this purposely to prevent the fielder catching the ball.

Usually only most flagrant violations of rules and equity in decisions on the part of the umpire are considered sufficient to warrant calling a team off the field, and as this was a fine technicality where unbiased authorities differ as to the real intention of the rules, to most people it looked like a very slim excuse to escape a crushing defeat. The players, aside from Captain Collins, wanted to finish the game. Following is the tabulated score:

Mt. Jewett	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Davis, lf	4	1	1	2	0	0
Cleveland, 2d	4	0	0	0	3	1
McGee, rf	4	2	2	1	0	2
Gardner, cf	4	1	1	0	0	0
Collins, 1st	4	1	1	9	1	1
McCarty, ss	4	0	1	0	2	0
Berkwater, 3d	3	0	1	2	1	1
J. Benson, p	3	0	0	0	1	0
Larson, c	3	0	0	5	0	0
Total	36	5	7	*10	8	6

*One out when the Fuller controversy arose.

Smethport	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Andrews, cf	4	3	2	0	0	1
Tull, ss	4	1	3	1	0	3
Daniels, c	3	2	0	8	0	0
Keefer, 1st	5	3	2	6	0	0
McCabe, 3d	5	2	2	5	2	2
Fuller, p	2	0	1	0	3	0
Denning, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Stull, rf	4	2	2	2	0	0
McClure, rf	4	2	2	2	0	0
Total	34	12	10	21	5	7

Mt Jewett	0	1	0	0	0	1	3	—		5
Smethport	1	1	0	5	1	1	3	—		12

Earned runs—Smethport 4.
Two base hit—Keefer.
Stolen bases—Andrews 2, Tull 2, Keefer 2, McCabe 3, McClure; Davis, McGee, Collins.
Double plays—McCabe to Keefer; McCarty to Collins to Larson.
Bases on balls—off Benson 2.
Hit by pitched ball—by Benson 2.
Struck out—by Benson 4; by Fuller 6.
Passed balls—Larson 1; Daniels 1.
Time of game—1:35.
Umpire—Ross Knapp.

COUDERSPORT FILLED THE VACANCY.

According to reports Coudersport has taken the vacant place made by Penn Yan in the New York Southern Tier league and the league is now completed once more. This change was effected at a meeting of the league managers and president in Corning. Coudersport will enter the league with the standing of Penn Yan and play the games scheduled to be played the remainder of the season with the grape pickers. Their first game is with Hornellsville Saturday and is a double header. Then Coudersport will see if it cannot raise the percentage of .333 left them by the "lasted" Penn Yan nine. The league is now composed of the following teams: Addison, Elmira, Corning, Wellsville, Hornellsville and Coudersport.

HOW THEY STAND.

Stull and Daniels take quite a drop in hitting but still lead the bunch. Tull is climbing fast and McCabe and Andrews continue to live 'em out. "Big Mike" Keefer is playing a great first base.

BATTING.

Player	G	A B	R	H	Ave
Stull	7	29	8	12	.414
Daniels	9	33	10	13	.406
Andrews	10	41	13	15	.367
McCabe	15	63	16	23	.365
Tull	13	58	16	20	.345
Keefer	8	36	7	12	.333
Young	9	37	4	10	.270
Denning	15	57	15	14	.246
Fuller	6	22	4	5	.227
Croissant	14	61	8	11	.188
King	8	27	5	5	.185
McClure	12	49	8	7	.143
Ramer	9	32	5	4	.125

FIELDING.

Player	G	P O	A	E	Ave.
Stull 1 f	8	5	2	0	1.000
McClure f	12	10	4	0	1.000
Keefer 1b	8	81	2	2	.977
Croissant 1b-c	14	113	14	11	.920
Daniels 2b-ss	9	19	20	4	.907
Denning p-f	15	22	21	7	.860
Young 1b-2b	9	32	7	8	.829
McCabe 3b-p	15	30	35	15	.812
Fuller p	6	1	12	3	.813
Tull p-3b-ss	13	13	34	12	.797
Andrews 1b-f	10	15	3	5	.779
King ss-1b-2b	8	18	11	12	.708
Ramer	9	9	1	6	.600

BUNTS.

Those persons who are continually growling at the umpire, and who attribute the loss of a game to dishonest decisions, are of the cheapest brand of tinhorn sports.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

The Mt. Jewett Herald says: The county seat is possessed of an aggregation of semi-professional ball players that are a pretty hard proposition for a team of amateurs to stack up against.

Maurice McCabe, Smethport's fast third baseman, has been covering second for Austin during O'Connor's enforced lay-off. McCabe is a good one and with experience would shine in any company.—Republican.

Smethport plays a league game at Port Allegany to-morrow.

Burrell, infielder, who has played with Coudersport, will be given a try-out by Manager "Muggsy" McGraw of New York, it is reported.

The Coudersport ball team won every game played during the celebration in that town last week.

Next Tuesday Eldred will play Smethport at Kane Field. This will be Eldred's first appearance here this season and a big crowd should be in attendance.

Buck Clayson, the well known infielder, has quit the Kane team and signed with the Wellsville team of the New York Southern Tier league. He is playing short stop.

LEAGUE GAMES TO BE PLAYED.

Aug. 19, Smethport at Port Allegany.
Aug. 22, Mt. Jewett at Port Allegany.
Aug. 23, Eldred at Smethport.
Aug. 25, Port Allegany at Eldred.
Aug. 30, Smethport at Mt. Jewett.
Sept. 1, Eldred at Port Allegany.
Sept. 2, Mt. Jewett at Smethport.
Sept. 7, Port Allegany at Smethport.
Sept. 9, Mt. Jewett at Eldred.
Sept. 14, Eldred at Smethport.
Sept. 15, Port Allegany at Mt. Jewett.
Sept. 20, Smethport at Eldred; Mt. Jewett at Port Allegany.

Girls Wanted.

Two girls for general housework. Good wages and nice home. For particulars apply to or address Mrs. Wm. McKeown, Mt. Alton, Pa.

Westbrook Academy, 23d year, Sept. 6

Death of Clement C. Boyd.

Clement C. Boyd, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Boyd of No. 255 East Main street, this city, died at 8 o'clock Sunday morning at the general hospital in Buffalo, the result of an illness with appendicitis. The remains were brought to Bradford last evening and conveyed to the home of the parents. The deceased was aged 26 years and is survived by his parents, a sister, Mrs. John O. McHale, of Titusville; three brothers, Clinton Boyd of Bradford, Leonard and Frank Boyd of Montpelier, Ind.

The deceased was one of the best known young men in Bradford and the news of his sudden death came as a shock to his many friends in the city. During the past two years he had officiated as deputy treasurer of McKean county, in the office of his father, County Treasurer A. W. Boyd, at Smethport, and was practically in charge of the department. On Saturday, Aug. 6, he was taken suddenly ill at his apartments in the Grand Central Hotel, in Smethport, and the ailment was diagnosed as appendicitis. On Tuesday, accompanied by Dr. John Clark, he was removed to Buffalo and taken to the General hospital, where on Wednesday a surgical operation was performed on him by Dr. Roswell Park. His condition from the outset seemed favorable for recovery and he appeared to have passed the critical period in his illness. Saturday afternoon he sustained a relapse and sank steadily until the end.

Mr. Boyd was a graduate of the Bradford High School, and possessed mental attainments of a high degree. As a county official he was efficient, affable and courteous, and made friends of all who had business to transact with the treasurer's office. He was a member of Union Lodge, No. 334, F. & A. M., of this city and was also affiliated with other Masonic bodies.—Monday's Bradford Era.

Yesterday's Era contained the following: Impressive funeral services over the remains of Clement C. Boyd were conducted at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon at the residence of the parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Boyd of East Main street, Rev. A. L. Schumann of the Asbury Methodist church officiating. The members of Union Lodge, No. 334, F. & A. M., attended the obsequies in a body, the services being conducted under their auspices. The body was consigned to its final resting place at Oak Hill cemetery. In addition to the Bradford relatives and friends of the deceased, the following residents of Smethport were in attendance at the funeral: Hon. Thomas A. Morrison, Sheridan Gorton, John Forrest, John A. Peterson, George Griffiths, S. D. Weaver, W. P. Walsh, Samuel E. Bell, F. D. Gallup, William H. Morrison, W. B. Clarke, George W. Mitchell, Charles E. Mays, John B. Eastman, Al. Hughes, Guy B. Mayo, George R. Brownell, Guy McCoy and S. G. Bush.

During the past two years and a half Clement C. Boyd had been in Smethport, acting as deputy county treasurer under his father, and by his genial manner and pleasing ways he had won the friendship and esteem of a large majority of our townspeople and his sudden death cast a gloom of sincere sorrow on his many friends in this place.

Mrs. Mary McBride Dead.

Mrs. Mary McBride, proprietress of the Option House, Bradford, died in the Homeopathic hospital in Pittsburg, on Tuesday, aged about 50 years, after a lingering illness caused by a complication of ailments. The Bradford Era says: Mrs. McBride was a direct descendant of Betsy Ross, the designer and maker of the first American flag of stars and stripes. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Washington Ross of Armstrong county, her birthplace, and her grandfather was one of the surveyors who plotted McKean county and assisted in running the boundary lines. She was also a descendant of George Ross, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Shortly after her marriage to Samuel McBride she came to Bradford, where she had since resided surviving her husband by about nine years. She was of a retiring disposition and during her long residence in this city became personally acquainted with but few people. Possessing exceptional mental attainments and an aptitude for business, she attended to the affairs of the estate and was very successful in her undertakings.

Window Glass Workers.

A dispatch to the Era dated Cleveland, Aug. 15, says:

The wage committee and the executive board of the Amalgamated Window Glass Workers of America is in session in this city preparing a schedule of wages for presentation to the manufacturers, with whom it is expected to hold a joint conference within a few days. The executive board of the glass workers believe that an attempt that is being made to have its members go to work before Oct. 1 will fail.

See our display of New Fall Walking Skirts in East Window. The Lindholm Co.

Dynamite, Caps and Fuse constantly on hand, at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Mr. L. Rogers' young "chip of the old block," Small, was bitten by a cross dispositioned dog several days ago, and we understand that the father proposes to "make it sultry" for the owner of the cur, if he does not curtail the animal's existence.

It is with no feeling of envy that we read of a Lancaster printer who is the father of twenty-six children.

The exchange editor of the Buffalo Express blunderingly says, "Larry Lyman, a well known hunter of Coudersport is after a big wolf." If Leroy Lyman, who is not of Coudersport, should ever get the trail of that young man, his latter end will be worse than his first, and his astonishingly enormous ears will afford him no protection in that day, either.

The boarders of the Bennet House use so much water since nothing stronger is to be had, that Mr. Haskill has become sick and tired of carting it, and has attempted the discouraging and disagreeable task of opening his frozen water pipes. At the depth of over three feet they were found frozen solid.

Editor Miner:—Something is said in your paper as to why the name of this borough is written Smethport instead of Smithport; this is its history: Jno. Keating, Esq., caused the laying out of the Town Plot; he had two intimate personal friends in Philadelphia: Associate Judges of their courts. The name of one was Smeth, and the other Couder; to commemorate the names of those two friends, he named our borough after Judge Smeth, adding port to the Smeth to give the indication of the name of a town; and in a like manner Coudersport was named after Judge Couder.

O. J. H.

Willard—Died at Jamestown, N. Y., May 24, 1875, Minnie G., oldest daughter of James W. and Leonora A. Willard, aged 8 years, 6 months and 9 days.

Charley Douglass' smile is broader and more good natured than ever. It is a boy.

The editor of the MINER is the happy father of a prospective voter, president, etc. Soothing syrup and catnip will be received on subscription, probably.—Potter Enterprise.

When our enterprising and prosperous young merchant, J. P. Wendell, retired on Sunday evening (we'll not say at what hour for it was Sunday night) he had no thought or fear of robbers or burglars. When he opened his store the next morning his mind was very forcibly drawn to the subject by finding one of the windows broken open and his cash drawer minus about $10 in scrip and bills that had been inadvertently left therein the night before. There was no mystery about the robber or robbers breaking into the store, as that was a very easy matter. Everything was clear about the matter, except as to who "did the bad deed," and the subject is as yet enveloped in perfect darkness. It is certain that it was somebody who does not dwell a thousand miles away from Smethport. It was an inconvenient and provoking loss, yet John will keep right on selling groceries and provisions at bottom prices, as if nothing had happened.

A pleasant party was given at the residence of Dr. S. D. Freeman Tuesday evening, which was attended by the most of our young people.

A serious accident occured at the quarry where the stone is being procured for the new jail, on Friday May 28, 1875. As a heavy stone was being loaded upon a wagon by means of a derrick, the grappling hook gave way letting the stone fall to the ground. Isaac Baker, one of the workingmen, was in close proximity to the stone, and before he could get out of the way his right leg was caught and crushed by the heavy mass. His leg was caught below the knee, and for a lenght of about six inches one of the large bones was crushed and ground in a frightful manner. Dr. Freeman was immediately called and set the limb. We were shown the broken bones taken out; it was a sickening sight. It is thought that the leg can be saved by due attention and care, without the necessity of amputation. This is the first, and we sincerely hope it may be the last accident that we may have to record, incident to the building of the jail. The workmen cannot be too careful in the handling of these stupendous boulders.

Nathaniel Evans, a resident of Port Allegany, and an employe in L. L. Lillibridge's mill, met with a distressing accident last Thursday causing a frightful breach. The intestines were replaced by Drs. Freeman and Hogarth, the first operation of that nature performed in this vicinity. We learn from Dr. Hogarth that the man's prospects for recovery are encouraging.

We understand that the Company store at Bunker Hill has passed into the hands of Mr. H. Hamlin of this place, and that the business will for the present be in the charge of J. R. Townsend.

Lawn Swings and Settee, lots of comfort for little price.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

In the Interest of Justice.

About three-quarters of a column of the Mt. Jewett News this week is devoted to abusing Umpire Knapp for his decisions in the Mt. Jewett-Smethport ball game here last Friday in which he is called nearly everything from a sheep thief to a highway robber. Neither the writer nor any of the MINER force saw Editor Swisher or any of his force at the game and from his erroneous report of the same we feel safe in saying that none of them were there but depended on curb-stone rumor for the article.

In one instance the article says that if Andrews had been called out in his attempt to steal second in the seventh inning the side would have been retired. The facts are that Andrews was the first man to bat and stole second before another man had batted.

The News further says: "In the same inning Keefer made an attempt to steal home on a mulled ball by Berkwater but up to date has not touched the home plate, and was put out fairly by Larson although the Czar allowed him to score" and claims that his decision was protested by Smethport gentlemen. The facts are that Berkwater was in no way in this play and Keefer scored on the triple steal described in the MINER'S account of the game. The writer was as near the home plate as any spectator at this time and we know that Keefer touched home plate before Larson touched him if he touched him at all, which is very doubtful. Anyone could see after Keefer got up from the track in the dust where he slid, that he must have touched home plate.

We have only replied to the News article where the best of proof can be furnished that these claims are utterly erroneous, but this should be enough to satisfy any sensible person that the whole article is outrageously exaggerated and false.

A Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin's fiftieth anniversary of their wedding day was observed on last Saturday by a dinner and reception arranged by the children of their family. The dinner was given by Mrs. McCandless at her home, where twelve persons, three generations being represented, were assembled. After the dinner a golden loving cup was presented by Mr. Orlo J. Hamlin, on behalf of the children, to their honored and loved parents. Short speeches were made by Mr. Orlo Hamlin, Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Mr. Robert H. Rose, Mr. Craig Rose and Mr. Howard E. Merrill. The loving cup was then passed around, from which all drank to the health and happiness of the honored ones, with hearts full of filial affection and with gratitude for the golden day.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hamlin, after the dinner, a large number of people came in to offer congratulations. Refreshments were served by a number of the young ladies and a delightful evening was spent.

The reception was an entire surprise to Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin, who had not expected any such observance of their golden anniversary. Congratulations are offered them on this rare occasion of a golden wedding, and hearty wishes for many years yet of their united lives to be spent amongst us where they are so well known and honored.

Horse and Carriage Stolen.

Sometime between darkness Sunday evening and daylight Monday morning a horse, carriage, harness, etc., belonging to John Bush was stolen from his barn on Bush Hill. The thief or theives went into the barn, hitched up the rig and started off without making enough noise to arouse the occupants of the house nearby.

The theft was discovered early Monday morning and the officers of this place were notified as was officers in most of the nearby towns. Constable Jones took up the case at once and has been searching for the rig and guilty parties ever since but so far has not succeeded in locating or capturing either. However he now thinks he is on the right trail and expects to have the parties very soon. It was a daring theft and we hope the officer may be successful.

For Sale Cheap.

One nice driving horse, two carriages, one set light driving and two single harnesses, robes and blankets, one pair light dickies, one cutter, one oak dining table, one oak bedroom suit, one couch, one range burns gas, coal or wood. For particulars inquire of John Youmans, over Hafner's store. Smethport Pa.

F. G. Lindholm is in Cleveland buying Fall and Winter cloaks and suits for The Lindholm Co. This firm always shows the most up-to-date garments on the market. The Lindholm Co.

Buckboards and Wagons of our own make, call at our show room on Mechanic street and examine them.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Stenographers in Demand.

We teach the famous Gregg system. No better place to learn than at Westbrook Academy, Olean.

Screen Door and Windows to fit any opening. Large stock and many styles.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Good baby carriage for sale at a decided bargain. For particulars inquire of William Monheimer.

Rose Chains

By IZOLA L. FORRESTER.

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It was late when Rosemary arrived. The other guests were rising, and dinner had been announced. She had barely time to toss aside her furs and exchange a few hurried words with Mrs. Creighton.

There was one thing certain, she decided, after a glance at Helen and the rest. They had not heard yet, and she was glad of an hour's respite. After the scene with Dean last night, followed by the solemn one in the morning with her mother, and finally the reproaches and condolences of four younger sisters, each with her individual opinion on the fitness of the engagement, it was a relief to breathe freely without fear of conversational dissection of her case.

"Who is to take me in?" she asked at the foot of the stairs, but Helen was already bowing and smiling to another guest as she answered:

"You're always late, dear, aren't you? No excuse, though, please. Don't you see the senator looking helpless and alone over there? He's to take me in and thinks I'm lost."

"But"— Rosemary stopped short and went upstairs to the dressing room with a little sudden heartache. For a whole month she only had had the right and privilege of claiming her, and now she was free again. She hoped Helen would not give her to any one brilliant and scrumptious tonight, who would bother her by trying to make an impression. She didn't want to be impressed. To a measure she blamed impressionism for her engagement to Dean. He was a regal comrade, clever and responsive, but not too clever or too responsive. There was a difference. Looking back on the joyous days of the month she decided that it had been this element of companionship, of mindful affinity, which had been responsible for the whole thing.

As a matter of fact Dean was splendid, but as a lover, in the role of prospective husband to be wedded to for life she had suddenly discovered that he was exacting, most exacting.

Any man who was engaged to a girl and positively forbade any other man falling in love with her was exacting. Moreover, it was foolish, because, really, it was in the abstract a compliment to his own good taste.

She could not help Jack Stowell telling her that he loved her. Of course he loved her. He had told her so on an average of twice a month for over a year. And he was a dear, dear boy.

She smiled contentedly at the mirrored image of herself in the dressing room as she paused to tuck in a few refractory hairpins. Who could help loving her? Even Dean had called her the dearest girl in the world. It was sweet to remember that. Of course he had behaved intolerably about Jack, but when a man is in love—

She laughed softly and buried her lips caressingly in the heart of a single long stemmed La France rose that lay lightly on her breast.

The last trailing gown was vanishing beyond the heavy velvet portieres of the dining room as she came down stairs. Only one lone figure awaited her coming in the wide hall, and she wondered who it could be. Not Jack. Mrs. Creighton did not approve of Jack. In fact, she had once called him a cub. Mild, but irritating—to Jack. The figure turned suddenly at the sound of her coming. It was Dean himself. Half unconsciously she hesitated, her head lifted a trifle higher than usual, her lashes drooping obstinately over telltale eyes.

He was terribly grave and dignified.

"I am to have the pleasure of taking you in, Mrs. Creighton said. She evidently does not know."

"I had no idea that you would be here." She spoke indignantly. It was almost impertinent of him, when only last night she had told him she never wished to even look at him again.

"I could hardly help myself, after accepting the invitation a week ago. We will probably meet in the same places for some time, until the breaking of the engagement is announced. At present people consider us indispensable to each other's happiness."

His quiet, courteous sarcasm was maddening under the circumstances. She resolved not to even speak to him again. Old Mr. Rathburn sat at her other hand, and she devoted herself to him with earnest fervor. He was interested in a plan for the irrigation of the great American desert by means of huge spinning hose nozzles to be operated from balloons.

"But you'll have to get the water up there before you can get it down," objected Rosemary anxiously for the seventh time. She knew that Dean was smiling amusedly. "Unless you attach it to the clouds."

Mr. Rathburn was silent, and she felt withered by a sense of his displeasure, and she hated the theory of irrigation by balloons or any other way.

Dean was talking across the table to Eleanor Lee, and she suddenly classed Eleanor with irrigation and other unpleasant topics. Next to Dean was Mrs. Chadwick. Her gray curls were just visible beyond his brown ones. She was congratulating him, Rosemary knew. She had been in Europe all summer and had only heard of the betrothal a few days ago. It seemed to Rosemary that she was unnecessarily rapturous and voluble on the subject.

"It is the sweetest time of your life," she was saying. "The betrothal hour when we laugh and love and let Cupid bind us in rose chains and drive us at his dear, capricious will, span or tandem"—

"It's generally tandem, Mrs. Chadwick," said Dean, with merry scorn. "There must be a leader, you know, and Cupid's law is ladies first."

"Ah, but they are only rose chains, Dean." The gray curls were shaken at him rebukingly. "And they break so easily. Once married, they are rose chains still, but some wise fate has slipped links of steel beneath the petals."

"And if we break them now"— Dean paused.

"Then there are only scattered roses in the dust and Cupid weeping and Rosemary—for remembrance. May it never come to you." She smiled at both young faces. "Memory is dear, but not when all it brings to mind are the broken rose chains."

There was a momentary hush. The sweetly modulated old voice had carried to the far ends of the table, and all were listening. Rosemary's gaze rested on her plate. She dared not meet Dean's eyes. The hush passed, and there was the low, light babel of voices again. She heard him speaking to her and held her breath to listen.

"Isn't she an old darling to say that?"

"She doesn't know they are already broken." He could hardly catch the half whisper.

"But are they? Only last night, and no one knows, and it was all a mistake." He bent with pleasing eyes toward her. "Rosemary, my Rosemary."

"For remembrance?" She laughed, a low, tremulous little laugh that was the first sign of surrender.

"For life. Roses are sweet, but they need the steel."

She hesitated; her eyes full of questioning doubt.

"Jack didn't mean anything," she said hurriedly. "He didn't really propose. He knew that I was engaged, of course. He only said that he had always loved me, and, after all, he's only a boy. It couldn't matter in the least his loving me when"—

"When what?"

His tone was full of the old imperative, proprietary command, and she met his glance for one swift, losing instant.

"When I loved you."

Mrs. Creighton was rising. As he drew back Rosemary's chair he whispered:

"Broken rose chains can be woven, can't they, dear? Forgive me."

He caught a fleeting glimpse of her face as she passed out in the wake of Mrs. Chadwick. She looked tall and sweet as a white lily in her white lace dinner gown, and he felt a wild, sudden longing to crush her to his heart before them all and win the world of forgiveness.

She was gone, and he was unanswered, but the La France rose lay in his hand, and Rosemary was smiling as she too accepted Mrs. Chadwick's congratulations in the drawing room.

The Personal Equation.

Mr. Ames entered with his nose unequivocably turned up. "Those people in the flat below are cooking onions again," said he. Mrs. Ames lowered one of the windows before she replied.

"I wish you wouldn't say those people," she said. "Their name is Watson."

"Phew!" said Mr. Ames, lowering another window.

"I don't think the odor is so very disagreeable," she said cheerfully.

Mr. Ames looked at her amazed. "Why, I thought you couldn't bear the smell of onions!"

"I don't really like it, of course, but it is such a little thing to be disturbed over."

Mr. Ames looked indignant and injured and felt so; he could not understand his wife's attitude. "I wish you had felt that way sooner," he said dryly. "Last week you made me tell the janitor that if those people didn't stop cooking onions every night we should move."

"Yes, I did," said Mrs. Ames candidly; "but that was before I knew Mrs. Watson. We have exchanged calls this week, and I like her very much."

Mr. Ames made a curious noise which his wife was able to interpret.

"I expected you'd take it that way," she said. "But even you must admit that there's a great difference between the smell of a friend's onions and those of people we don't know."—Youth's Companion.

A Tough Old Invalid.

In England the purchase of an advowson, or the right to succeed to a vacant church office, is not uncommon. There is a story told of a country vicarage whose incumbent was, though but middle aged, very infirm. His tenure of the position being thus uncertain, the living was advertised for sale. The auctioneer, who at the time had the disposal of all church preferments mentioned as a special advantage to intending purchasers that the then holder could not last long. To put this prospect to the test several possible buyers went down to the village to look over the vicar. A father and son attended the Sunday services at the church. A servant led in the ailing vicar, but the latter managed to get through a very earnestly delivered sermon lasting half an hour. In the afternoon he again conducted service, baptized children and preached for fifty minutes. Service in the evening was to follow. But the man who had come to buy had seen enough. "My son," he said, "that old cock ain't a-goin' yet; I am," and he forthwith departed. In the end a young parson bought the place for himself. The invalid outlived by twenty years the man who had bought his living. He lasted fifty years beyond the sale and died of sheer old age at ninety-two.

Sensible.

Cholly—Charming widow, isn't she? They say she is to marry again. Algy—I wouldn't want to be a widow's second husband, Cholly—Well, I'd rather be a widow's second husband than her first, doncher know.

Expensive.

"They say her wedding beggared description."

"Oh, more than that!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes. It beggared her father."

Her Secrets.

"Never tell a secret, dear. It would be a great breach of confidence."

"What must I do with it, mamma?"

"Well—bring it to me!"

A CARDBOARD WOMAN

THE MALIGN INFLUENCE OF A MUMMY CASE FROM EGYPT.

Queer Sequence of Fatalities and Hard Luck Experiences That Appeared to Be Chiefly Levelled to Those Interested in Its Custody.

In a corner of the first Egyptian room at the British museum, behind the crouching body of the prehistoric chief who lived before there were pharaohs in Egypt or pyramids on the Nile, stands a woman molded from some ancient form of cardboard. She is merely a shell, the cover of a mummy case. Her hands are crossed above her breast, and her dark eyes stare forward into vacancy.

According to the catalogues she is No. 22542, a problematical royal personage and a priestess of the College of Amen Ra. She lived in the mighty city of Thebes some 1,000 years before Christ.

And about this same coffin cover there hangs as terrible a story as ever an Edgar Allan Poe or a Balzac or a Kipling produced from a gloomy imagination.

If you question the attendants in the first Egyptian room they will shake their heads and say nothing. But there is a famous professor in the museum who knows that the facts are true, though whether they be a coincidence or a manifestation of supernatural power who can say? He says:

"For three months I have been gathering the detailed threads of evidence. I have now in my possession proofs of the identity of all those who suffered from the anger of the priestess of Amen Ra. But for the sake of friends and relatives I have been requested to suppress the names.

"About the middle of the sixties of the last century a party of five people took ship in a dahabeah for a trip up the Nile. They traveled to Luxor on their way to the second cataract, and stayed there to explore the ruins of the great temple and city of Thebes, with its sphinxes, obelisks and tombs, its tomb of colossi and its temple of Amen Ra, which is occupied on earth by the successors of its ruined priesthood.

"One night an Arab sent by Mariette Pasha came to one of their number, Mr. D., as we may call him, saying that he had just found a mummy case of unusual beauty. What became of the mummy the man did not explain. The next morning Mr. D. bought the case. Both he and his companions were impressed by its remarkable beauty and by the curious face of the woman portrayed, a face that was filled with a cold malignancy of expression unpleasant to witness.

"They had agreed that, being all interested in Egyptology, they should apportion their finds by lot, and so, though Mr. D. had been the cause of its discovery, he lost the mummy cover, which passed to a friend, whom we will call Mr. W.

"It was on their return journey that the series of misfortunes commenced. Mr. D.'s servant was handling him a gun, when without visible cause it exploded, the charge lodging in his arm, which had to be amputated; a second died in poverty within the year; a third was shot, while Mr. W., the owner of the mummy case, discovered on his arrival in Cairo that he had lost a large part of his fortune. He died soon afterward. The priestess of Amen Ra had signified her displeasure in a very convincing manner.

"From the date it was shipped on board the steamer Mr. D. lost sight of the mummy case for several years. He did not at the time in any way associate the misfortunes that had occurred to the party with its discovery, but when he next heard of it and had full information of the disasters which had been subsequently associated with its possession he began to suspect that it was not merely chance, not merely a coincidence, that had brought so sinister a fate on all who had dealings with the priestess of Amen Ra.

"On the arrival of the case in England it was given by its owner, Mr. W., to a married sister living near London. From the day the case entered the house misfortune followed misfortune. The family suffered large losses, and the end came with painful troubles which need not be specified.

"The lady while in possession of the case received one day a visit from Mme. Blavatsky. The great theosophist became very disturbed on entering the room, and after a few minutes' conversation told her hostess that there was something in her house possessed of a most malignant influence. She asked to be allowed to search the house and on discovering the coffin lid appealed to her hostess to send away an object which she described as of the utmost danger. Her hostess, however, refused, laughing at what she imagined to be an example of foolish superstition.

"Some time afterward the lady sent the case to a well known photographer in Baker street. Within a week the chief of the firm came down to this lady's house in a state of great excitement. He had, he said, photographed the face with the greatest care, and he could guarantee that no one had touched either the negative or the photograph in any way, yet it was not the cardboard features that looked out of the photograph, but a living Egyptian woman staring straight before her with an expression of singular malevolence. Shortly after the photographer died suddenly and mysteriously.

"It was about this time that Mr. D. happened to meet the owner of the coffin lid and begged her upon hearing her story to get rid of it at once. She agreed, and a carrier was found to convey it to the British museum. This carrier died within a week."—London Express.

Absolutely Harmless. Cures on the Spot.
BROMO-PEPSIN
"NOTE THE WORD PEPSIN."
CURES Headache, Sleeplessness, Indigestion and Nervousness.
All Druggists, 10c, 25c and 50c.

A CRANK ON TEA.

Cyrus W. Field's Encounter With an Expert Tea Taster.

It may be that the millionaire is no more eccentric than humbler mortals, and yet in the fierce white light of publicity it often seems so. Cyrus W. Field was never given to any of the expensive hobbies of other rich men. He did not dote on horses or yachts or pictures. But Mr. Field did like tea. He used to say there was only one man of his acquaintance who knew how to brew it, and that man was "Old Field." The father of the submarine cable used to travel a great deal by rail, but he never went anywhere without his favorite brand of tea and his personal utensils for brewing it.

Mr. Field seldom traveled in his private car, and none of his retinue of servants ever made tea for him. From his berth in the Pullman he rose early, as at home, and it was not an uncommon sight to see the gray old philanthropist half dressed and stirring about in a buffet car at daylight, seeking hot water with which to brew his choice young Hyson, a canister of which was invariably a part of his baggage.

One day when Mr. Field was going through Front street he was attracted by a tea taster who was sipping the contents of a number of small cups. Mr. Field watched the man carefully and observed his method of tasting, noting, finally, he entered the place and said to the expert: "How long have you been in this business?"

"Thirty-one years," said the tea taster, who was evidently in receipt of a princely income.

"Well, you had better give it up," remarked Mr. Field frankly. "You don't know how to make tea, and you are too old to learn. Let me brew some of that stuff for you."

The aged philanthropist poured water on some leaves which he took from a paper in his pocket, let it draw for a few seconds and invited the tea taster to test it. But the expert spat the stuff out. "Worst ever!" was his comment. "Not even properly brewed." The old Mr. Field, who was a second Sherman, turned on his heel and walked away, leaving the "If you are an expert [illegible]

Bold Court Jesters.

"You are really cruel to poor Tom Patch, as the other boys call him," Queen Bess once said to Cecil, one of the court jesters, "but you never say a word about mine." "Ah," exclaimed Cecil, "why should I waste time in reminding your majesty of your faults, seeing that they are in everybody's mouth?"

Patch, one of Henry VIII.'s fools, once sought permission to demand an egg from every husband who was dissatisfied with his wife. No sooner had the king granted his request than Patch proceeded to demand the best egg from him, saying, "Your grace belongs to the class of husbands whom I am entitled to make levy."

DIZZINESS AND WEAK NERVES CURED.

Nothing Helped Until the Wonderful New Medicine, Cal-cura Solvent, Was Taken.

Write from Small Free Bottle.

"I very much wish," writes Loretta J. Vail, of Hopewell Junction, N. Y., "that I might be able in a few lines, without putting myself forward, to let the people understand how valuable Cal-cura Solvent, the new medicine discovered by Dr. David Kennedy, is in cases of indigestion and the like ailments, which are so common among us. I suffered from a severe variety of liver complaint, with dizziness, numbness, and an exceedingly weak and excitable state of the nerves. I employed the best treatment within my reach, yet nothing really helped until I began to use Cal-cura Solvent, and that did."

Remember, Calcura Solvent cures 98% of all cases of Kidney, Bladder and Liver disorders. You may have a free sample bottle of this wonderful medicine, and descriptive booklet, by simply sending your name and address to The Cal-cura Company, Kennedy Row, Rondout, N.Y. Large bottles $1.00 (only one size) all druggists, or if they do not have it, send to the above proprietors.

Hamlin Bank & Trust Co.
SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL $200,000.00
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We have a generous offer to make to the ladies who wish to complete their housecleaning in a thoroughly effective and sanitary manner.

We have a spleddid Formaldehyde Generator which we will lend to purchasers of one jar or more of Leininger's Solidified Formaldehyde.

It clears the air of all germs and makes your home atmosphere pure and sweet.

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Small household generator with 1 jar Formaldehyde given free, $1.00, or we will lend large generator.

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Rooney's is the Place
to buy a nice, sweet piece of
Fresh, Salt or Smoked MEAT
whether it be a full quarter or a small steak. And for
Fresh Vegetables
I am always headquarters.
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Spring and Summer Styles
in Millinery are pretty and the best at reasonable prices are to be found at our store.
PATTERN HATS and DOMESTICS
In fact everything to please the ladies is shown. Give us a call.
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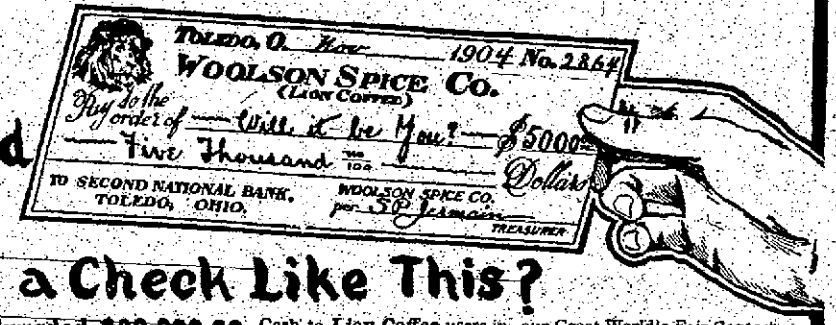

We Have Awarded $20,000.00 Cash to *Lion Coffee* users in our Great World's Fair Contest—2139 people get checks, 2139 more will get them in the

Presidential Vote Contest

Five Lion-Heads cut from Lion Coffee Packages and a 2-cent stamp entitle you (in addition to the regular free premiums) to one vote. The 2-cent stamp covers our acknowledgment to you that your estimate is recorded. You can send as many estimates as desired.

What will be the total popular vote cast for President (votes for all candidates combined) at the election November 8, 1904?

In 1900 election, 13,959,653 people voted for President. For nearest correct estimates received in Woolson Spice Company's office, Toledo, O., on or before November 5, 1904, we will give first prize for the nearest correct estimate, second prize to the next nearest, etc., etc., as follows:

Grand First Prize of $5,000.00
will be awarded to the one who is nearest correct on both our World's Fair and Presidential Vote Contests.

We also offer $5,000.00 Special Cash Prizes to Grocer Clerks. (Particulars in each case of Lion Coffee.)

1	First Prize		$2,500.00
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2	Prizes—$500.00	each	1,000.00
5	Prizes— 200.00	"	1,000.00
10	Prizes— 100.00	"	1,000.00
20	Prizes— 50.00	"	1,000.00
50	Prizes— 20.00	"	1,000.00
250	Prizes— 10.00	"	2,500.00
1800	Prizes— 5.00	"	9,000.00
2130	PRIZES,	TOTAL,	$20,000.00

How Would Your Name Look on One of These Checks?

Everybody uses coffee. If you will use *LION COFFEE* long enough to get acquainted with it, you will be suited and convinced there is no other such value for the money. Then you will take no other—and that's why we advertise. And we are using our advertising money so that both of us—you as well as we—will get a benefit. Hence for your *Lion Heads*

WE GIVE BOTH FREE PREMIUMS AND CASH PRIZES

Complete Detailed Particulars in Every Package of

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Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything in the line of

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If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited.

M. L. ARMSTRONG,

Main Street. Smethport, Pa

HORSESHOEING.

Having opened a general blacksmith shop in what is known as the Mullin Building, at the corner of Water and Franklin Streets, I am now prepared to attend to the business in my line in a careful and workmanlike manner.

C. J. VANBLAD.

$500 REWARD!

FOR WOMEN

WHO CANNOT BE CURED.

Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay $500 in legal money of the United States, for any case of Leucorrhea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of Womb which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

The Vice-President Independent Order of Good Templars.

An experience which many women have was related by Miss Agnes Stebbins, of 231 East 30th Street, New York City, as follows: "I had very poor health for a year, until life looked dark and dreary to me. Had headaches, backache, also pain, my sleep was broken and fitful. I longed for health. Tried several medicines but none were of any lasting benefit until I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I soon realized that I had found the right remedy. It helped nature to throw off the poisons that saturated the system, removed all pains and strengthened the digestive organs, and brought the roses of health back to my cheeks. This medicine if taken occasionally keeps the system in perfect condition, helping it to throw off the disease and consequences of exposure to dampness. I am pleased to give it my endorsement."

"Favorite Prescription" makes weak women strong, sick women well. Accept no substitute for the medicine which works wonders for weak women.

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Will offer for the next 30 days special bargains in Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Screen Doors, Window Screens, Haying Tools, Mason and Royal Fruit Jars, Jelly Glasses, Hot Plates and Ovens, a full line of Hardware, Guns, Revolvers, Ammunition, Cutlery, etc., at prices below competition. . . .

JOHN C. HAMLIN

YELLOW TRADING STAMPS.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 18, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Fry & Comes have a new ad to-day.

—Turn out to the league ball game next Tuesday, Eldred vs. Smethport.

—Wm. Monheimer, the clothier is giving away hats. For particulars read his ad.

—The Lindholm Co. advertise a remnant sale which begins to-morrow and continues one week. Read the ad.

—Edinboro Normal offers superior advantages to those preparing to teach. Fall term opens Sept. 13. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—Seven coaches crowded to the platforms were required to carry the passengers on the Shawmut's excursion to St. Marys last Sunday.

—Bradford unions will participate in the exercises at Olean, Labor Day, Sept. 5. Elaborate preparations are being made by the Olean organizations toward properly celebrating the day.

—Those wishing to take a business or shorthand course at Warner's Business College can get a rate of $7.50 per month from Smethport. I have no solicitors, my school stands on its record. Over 100% more graduates the past year than ever before—some 20 positions that I could not fill.

—A surprise was tendered Miss Mantz on Monday afternoon by her niece Miss Curtis the occasion being Miss Mantz' birthday. Many old friends gathered to offer their congratulations; and a very enjoyable time was spent. Miss Curtis proved herself equal to the occasion as a hostess.

—The letter R at the head of all prescriptions is derived from the Latin word recipe, the imperative meaning "take." The little dart over the tail of the R is the symbol of Jove, the Latin god of Jupiter, and invests the writer with his authority—by the power of Jupiter. Therefore the sign properly reads: "By Jupiter, take this."—Ex.

—At a meeting of the board of trustees of the Clarion State Normal School, held Aug. 9, 1904, Prof. J. George Becht, A. M., of Westchester, Pa., was unanimously elected principal of the school for the ensuing year, and Miss Minnie Isabel Liggett of Carlisle, Pa., was chosen principal of the Model school. Both are able teachers and Clarion is fortunate in securing their services.

A Good Doctor.

One day in Shanghai, says a writer in the Chicago Record-Herald, when I was feeling sick, I called a Chinaman to me and said, "John, do you have good doctors in China?"

"Good doctors!" he exclaimed. "China have best doctors in wo'ld."

"Eudon, over there," I said, pointing to a house covered with a doctor's signs, "do you call him a good doctor?"

"Eudon good doctor!" he exclaimed. "He great! He best doctor in China. He save my life once!"

"You don't say so!" I said. "How was it?"

"Me velly sick," he said confidentially. "Me callee Dr. Han Kou. Givee some medicine. Get velly, velly sick! Me call Dr. Sam Sing. Givee more medicine. Me grow worse. Going to die! Blimeby call Dr. Eudon. He no got time, no come. He savee my life!"

Siwash Fishing.

The Siwash Indians on Puget sound make their living principally by fishing, but the Siwash buck does not condescend to go out for his evening meal of smelt or sardines with a hook and line as the white man does; he takes a long pole and for two feet from each end he makes a sort of comb of it by driving through it long, tin French nails, then he launches his canoe and goes out for a pleasant sail. He paddles easily with the pole, and every few minutes he pulls up a fish impaled on the nails. With a shake he drops it inboard and then calmly continues his paddling.

A Young Logician.

Jennie's mother was expecting company, but just before train time, says What to Eat, a telegram arrived which read: "Missed train. Will start same time tomorrow."

Jennie rushed home from school expecting to see the guest, but instead was shown the message. After reading it laboriously and carefully through she exclaimed, "Why, mamma, if she starts at the same time tomorrow she will miss the train again!"

High Finance.

Hicks—I've got to borrow $200 somewhere. Wicks—Take my advice and borrow $300 while you are about it. Hicks—But I only need $200. Wicks—That doesn't make any difference. Borrow $300 and pay back $100 of it in two installments at intervals of a month or so. Then the man that you borrow from will think that he is going to get the rest of it.—Somerville (Mass.) Journal.

We do not learn to know men through their coming to us. To find out what sort of persons they are we must go to them.—Goethe.

Prison Productions.

John Bunyan wrote "Pilgrim's Progress" during one of his terms in prison, which altogether lasted twelve years. The brilliant Frenchman, Mirabeau, during his three years' imprisonment at Vincennes wrote many pamphlets and his "Lettres de Cachet et Prisons d'Etat." Luther while in the solitary castle of Wartburg wrote that noble hymn, "Eine Feste Burg ist unser Gott." During his thirteen years' confinement in the Tower of London Sir Walter Raleigh wrote a history of the world from the creation to 150 B. C. Daniel Defoe, who was imprisoned for two years for the publication of an ironical pamphlet entitled "The Shortest Way with Dissenters," produced during his imprisonment several of the 210 works he is said to have written. The poet Lovelace wrote "Lucasta" while a political prisoner, and the Roman philosopher Boethius wrote in prison a work singularly appropriate to his situation, "On the Consolation of Philosophy."

How to Reach a Decision.

If indecision runs in the blood you inherit arouse yourself and strangle this insidious foe to your achievement before it saps your energy and ruins your life chance. Do not wait until to-morrow, but begin today. Compel yourself to develop the opposite quality by the constant practice of firm decision. No matter how simple the thing you are called upon to decide, be it the choice of a hat or the color or style of a garment, do not vacillate. Throw all the light possible on what ever you have in hand for decision, weigh and consider it from every point of view, call your common sense and best judgment to your aid before reaching a conclusion, and then, when you have once made your decision, let it be final. Let there be no going back; no reconsidering and no opening the matter up for further discussion. Be firm and positive. Declare the polls closed.

The Elephant's Toilet.

In an interesting little paper upon the grooming of wild animals it says that from every point of view the toilet of the elephant is by far the most interesting performance of the menagerie. It requires at least four weeks to complete the toilet of a single elephant. The operation is very expensive. The assistance of the elephant's valet de chambre must be engaged by the day or week, while an experienced valet—he is known by another name—must be engaged to superintend the work, usually at a large salary. Then, again, the soap used in the process must be purchased by the hundredweight, the sandpaper by the gross, and the oil, an important ingredient, is used by the barrel. The toilet of a single elephant will not infrequently cost as much as $400.

Joking With Royalty.

When Marshal Bassompierre was describing to Louis XIII. his embassy to Spain and how he had entered Madrid in state seated on a mule, Louis exclaimed, "An ass seated on a mule!" "Yes, sire," quietly retorted the old soldier, "and what made the joke the better was that I represented you."

Ferdinand II. was a man of very uncertain moods and would allow his jester to take liberties with him one hour while resenting any familiarity the next. One day he turned round on Jonas, his favorite fool, and thundered: "Fellow, be silent. I never stoop to talk to a fool." "Never mind that," answered Jonas. "I do. So please listen to me in your turn."

A "Lucky Thirteen" Stroke.

"Big Ben," the bell in the clock tower over the houses of parliament in London, is alleged to have struck fourteen on a recent midnight. The incident recalls the well authenticated case of the Westminster "Great Tom" going astray in like fashion.

During the reign of William III. a sentinel on duty was sentenced to death on the charge of being asleep at his post. This the man denied, and he declared that he heard the clock strike thirteen instead of twelve at midnight. The fact was deposed to by several persons at the trial, and the life of the soldier—named Hatfield—was saved. He died in 1770 in Aldersgate, aged 102 years.

Easy to Be Arrested.

In Berlin you are always forced to take the first cab in the row. If you are a family of eight and it is a one horse drosky for two, you take it. Then you hire others for your overflow. Then if you are a lone, lorn bachelor bearing a single grip, and the head of the row is an eight seat family four wheeler, you have got to take it. Not to take it is "verboten." If you don't take it you get arrested. In Germany you're liable to get arrested for almost anything, anywhere, at any time.—Argonaut.

A Diplomatist.

"I am amazed, sir, that you should propose to my daughter. You have not known her a week."

"True, madam, but I have known you for some time, and everybody says your daughter takes after you." He got the girl.

Explained.

Towne—It's funny you don't know that man over there. That's Bragga Browne—I never heard of him. Towne—Evidently you have never been within range of his voice, then.—Philadelphia Press.

Willing.

Bertie—I would kiss you if I thought no one would see me. May—Shall I close my eyes?

All power, even the most despotic rests ultimately on opinion.—Hume.

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE.

One of the oldest and best Colleges in the country. Good traditions. Strong faculty. Healthful and attractive situation; beautifully wooded campus. Commodious buildings. Adequate equipments. Five courses of study. Over fifty Elective courses offered. Only Phi Beta Kappa College in Western Pennsylvania. Moral and religious tone healthful and wholesome. Expenses unusually moderate. Help for needy students with good brains. Fall term opens September 28. Write President William H. Crawford, Meadville, Pa.

A Gay Word Speech.

Julius Caesar holds the record for brevity of convincing speech.

The story is told that while Caesar was in the midst of his struggle for the mastery of the Roman empire the soldiers of his favorite Tenth legion mutinied. He appeared before them, and, uttering the one word "Quirites," paused.

That word means, of course, "citizens," but to the veterans to whom it was addressed it meant a great deal more. It was the special term used in addressing Roman voters assembled in a purely civic capacity, not as soldiers, but as civilians.

To the mutinous soldiers it meant that the great commander, whom they had followed for ten long years from the Alps to the Thames and from the Rhine to the Pyrenees and across the Rubicon, disowned them as soldiers and dismissed them from his victorious service.

Realizing its meaning, the story goes, the mutineers were appalled. Battle scarred veterans burst into tears, implored their leader to pardon them and inflicted summary punishment upon the leaders of the mutiny as a proof of their repentance.

A Poor Show.

An American was describing to an English sportsman the west of the past.

"Our old time western miner," he said, "had an ingenuous and simple mind. There was a miner in Montana who rode into Anaconda one day to see an entertainment that had been announced. This entertainment was a play, but the miner had never seen a play—a panorama was the only sort of entertainment with which he had ever been regaled.

"Long before the hour to begin he bought his seat and entered the hall. He sat there in solitude for about twenty minutes. He gazed at the curtain intently. It was a poor curtain, nothing but a gray, pyramidal mountain painted on a dark blue background. When the miner had looked his fill at it he rose and departed for his distant home.

"'A pretty rotten panorama,' he was heard to mutter as he mounted his horse."

A Queer Marriage Ceremony.

Among the Khyrrias of India the marriage ceremony is very funny. Taking a small portion of the hair of the bride and groom in turn from the center of the forehead, the priest draws it down on to the bridge of the nose. Then, pouring oil on the head, he watches it carefully as it trickles down the portion of hair. If the oil runs straight on to the tip of the nose their future will be fortunate, but if it spreads over the forehead or trickles off on either side of the nose, bad luck is sure to follow. Their fortunes told, generally to their own satisfaction, the essential and irrevocable part of the ceremony takes place. Standing up side by side, but with faces strictly averted, the bride and groom mark each other's forehead with "sindur" (vermilion).

Concerning Scotch Pawkiness.

A "positively true tale" of Scotch pawkiness is sent us by a naval correspondent. He traveled up to Inverness-shire with a Scotsman, on whose taciturnity he failed, after many efforts, to impinge. The Scotsman still stared dully, fixedly from the train. At last intelligence began to show in his face and grew to ecstasy, and he shouted in his excitement, "Look here, look here, that's whaur it was." His companion rushed to the window. "In yon wee town," continued the Scotsman, "I was charged saxpence for yin cup of coffee."—London Globe.

Why He Retracted.

Kilmore—After all, Stedman isn't so bad a fellow. He came to me, man fashion, and took back all the things he had said against my people. Burman—Did it voluntarily? Kilmore—Practically that. It is true I threatened to shoot him on sight if he didn't retract, but that was only a matter of detail.—Boston Transcript.

Remarkable Case.

"How much your little boy resembles your husband!" said the cunning politician.

"I've *always* heard," she replied, "that people grow to look like those they are much with, but this is quite a remarkable case. We only adopted the little fellow last week."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Two Sided Circle.

The late Dr. Ritchie of Edinburgh was examining a student who claimed to be a mathematician. Ritchie doubted his claim and to test him said: "How many sides has a circle?" "Two," was the reply. "What are they?" asked the doctor. "The inside and the outside," was the answer.

Flannagan's Way.

Cassidy—Flannagan's thinking of goin' into the haulin' business. He bought a foine new cart today. Casey—But shure he has no horse. Flannagan—No, but he's goin' to buy wan. Casey—Well, that's loike Flannagan. He always did git the cart befoor the horse.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Hardly.

"The old, old story," exclaimed the husband with a long drawn sigh, as he laid down his paper. "Another man committed suicide because his home was unhappy."

"And did that make his home any happier," asked his wife, "or doesn't the paper say?"

"When we do not spend our money," says an old gentleman, "we are economical; when other people do not spend their money, they are stingy."

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

HOUSEHOLD EXPENSES.

Interesting Hints at Economy, Which Explains How All Housewives Can Save Money—Valuable and Useful Premiums.

In buying staple groceries and household supplies, every purchaser wants full value in attractive, honest goods. Only those firms with large capital and experience can handle this trade so as to fully satisfy their patrons. Now and then an old-established business concern with exceptional facilities is found at the head of the commercial column. They are there because they have uniformly given their customers the best value for the money and thus established their high character and integrity beyond question.

The C. R. Maltby Company of Corning, N. Y., are such a firm. They handle almost everything used or consumed by the household. They stand midway between the producer and consumer. By their capital and experience they work to best advantage of the consumer. Sound business methods enable them to operate at the least cost. They thus save to their patrons that large percentage other firms pay out to "expense" in doing business. This amounts to a big item to the average family during the course of a year. They are willing to further share their profits with customers; they have originated a line of "Signature Brands"—goods prepared by them and sold to consumers in sealed packages. In this list are teas, coffees, spices, flavoring extracts, flour, soap, matches and a general line of dry groceries. The signature of C. R. Maltby Company, Corning, N. Y., is written across their seal on all these "Signature Brands." This signature is valuable.

In addition to getting the very best goods possible for the money, one can save the signatures and the firm will redeem them according to the value of the purchase. There is a premium list of over 300 different articles to select from. This includes: Corning cut-glass; electric novelties; all kinds of silverware; table and pocket cutlery; toilet articles; razors; carving sets; scissors; knife and scissors sharpeners; rocking-chairs; writing-desks; watches; chains; clocks; lockets; suspenders; umbrellas; pipes; coffee-mills; toilet sets; china and tea sets; food choppers; talking machines, etc.

Do not lose sight of the fact that all "Signature" goods are prepared, packed and sealed by this company and are uniform in honest weight and quality. Guaranteed absolutely clean and pure. Each signature is valuable regardless of what package it may be taken from. It is counted in at the face value on any article that may be selected from their catalog premium list. All these things are clearly explained in C. R. Maltby Company's premium catalog, illustrated—sent free on request. The premiums offered are as good value for the price as are to be found in the market. They are a part of the profits this firm divides with its patrons. Few concerns can do as much for the money and continue in business. It has required years of experience to enable them to make this statement and tell the truth. These premium goods are either made especially for C. R. Maltby Company of Corning, N. Y., or else they are selected from the largest and best houses, whose stamp stands for good value. Ask your grocer for C. R. Maltby Company's "Signature Brands" of coffee, tea, flour, spices, fruits, flavoring extracts and all brands of dry groceries. If your grocer cannot supply you, write the firm direct who will advise you where the goods may be obtained. They mean what they say and do what they promise.

For sale by Gallup Grocery Company, Smethport, and G. W. King, East Smethport.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date.

Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,

Smethport, Pa.

ACME MILL,

GREEN BROS., Props.

MY STOCK IS FRESH AND CONSISTS OF

Flour, Feed, Meal, Wheat, Corn Oats, Hay, Straw, Bran, Middlings, Hominy, Linseed Meal, Etc.

Goods Sold for Cash only and Delivered Promptly.

Water & Hill Sts. Smethport.

BARGAINS.

Black Cat Stockings for Boys and Girls are good values at 15 and 25c per pair.

Malta Vita at 10c a package is a bargain.

F. S. Flour contains 49 lbs. of satisfaction, together with the finest produced. Try it.

Chase & Sanborn's coffee from 13c lb. to 35c are standard values.

Can corn is high and scarce We have some best brands of York State pack at 12½ can.

J. COLEGROVE,

SMETHORT, PA.

Next to Bank.

SPRING SHOES.

Spring is surely coming—
don't be discouraged.
You will find new

FOOTWEAR

and we have the most complete line ever brought to Smethport for Women, Men and Children.

All Styles. All Sizes.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

E. W. JONES,

(Successor to F. H. Nourse

LIVERY & FEED STABLE

Bennett House Barn

First Class Rigs at Reasonable Prices.

Directly Opposite Court House.

SMETHPORT, PA.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

Can always be found at our store.

Also a full line of

NOVELTIES, TOBACCOS, CIGARS, ETC.

PRESCRIPTIONS

Left in our care will be promptly and carefully filled.

Wells Pharmacy.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES.

FURNITURE

You make no mistake in buying here. The stock is complete, and prices low.

CARPETS

An elegant assortment just received. Now is the time to secure best values. Remember our stock of wall paper contains all the latest patterns.

Main street, Smethport. **Specht & Sasse.**

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 18, 1904.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON, the veteran actor is dying at his summer home at Buzzard's Bay.

It is about time the Democrats of this county got a ticket in the political field or we won't have any fun this fall.

A SON and heir apparent to the throne of Russia was born on Friday last and all Russia is rejoicing over the event.

You don't find Republicans shouting themselves hoarse to the effect that their party is "safe and sane." It has never been anything else.

Now Henry Gassaway Davis knows that he is the Democratic candidate for Vice President. The news was broken to him yesterday. He rallied from the shock wonderfully for a man of his age.

BECAUSE her husband was too good natured and kind to Mrs. Howard Bryning of Colorado has secured a divorce from him. She says: "My husband had no backbone. Whenever I asked for anything I always got it without question. There is no satisfaction in that kind of humdrum existence for me."

OVER 2,000 veterans of the War of the Rebellion participated in the parade at Boston on Tuesday. Five and one half hours were required for the parade to pass a given point and it was a severe strain on the old soldiers but generally they bore the hardship well. More than three score of them dropped from the ranks from exhausted and heat prostration and were cared for at the field and civic hospitals. The death of one soldier marred an otherwise happy day. Col John P. Pyron, a member of John A. Dix Post of New York, died from heart failure induced by exhaustion.

THE Boston "Pilot," one of the oldest and most influential organs of Catholic and Irish-American opinion in the United States, which has been uniformly Democratic for sixty years, is giving vigorous and unqualified support to the Republican national ticket. The "Pilot" seems to be moved mainly by its approval and admiration of President Roosevelt's public acts in his twenty years of public life. It declares that "no man can point to a single act of his, public or private, influenced by prejudice of race or creed or color except prejudice in favor of the poor, the oppressed or the despised."

WITH clothing saturated with kerosene, writhing and twisting in their agony, screaming to heaven for mercy that the mob would not show, Paul Reed and Will Cato, negroes, two of the principals in the murder and burning of Henry Hodges and wife and three of their children, six miles from Statesboro, three weeks ago, were burned at the stake Tuesday. In the afternoon a determined mob charged on the court house, overpowered the military guard, secured Cato and Reed, who had been found guilty after a legal trial and sentenced to be hanged, took them two miles from Statesboro and there burned them alive.

AFTER considerable argument the Turks have decided to extend the same privileges to American schools as are extended to other powers. A settlement of other matters effecting American interests in Turkey of secondary importance, has also been effected, and Minister Leishman has telegraphed to Rear Admiral Jewell, in command of the United States squadron sent to Smyrna, instructing him to salute the batteries on land and depart. The sittings of the Council of Ministers at which settlement was agreed upon was a long one and it was not until near its close that an agreement was reached. The delay in the settlement is believed to have been caused by the intervention of the palace functionaries, whose policy, in order to retain the Sultan's favor, consists of combatting the rights and privileges of foreign subjects.

THE first of the 30 electric locomotives being built by the General Electric Company for the New York Central Railroad has been completed, and will be tested before the remaining 29 are built. The New York Central has given the use of one of its freight tracks near Schenectady for the test. A third rail is being laid to carry the electric current, which will come from a specially constructed transformer station. Six hundred volts will be used. The locomotive is expected to go 100 miles an hour, having from 2,300 to 2,500 horsepower, as compared with 1,500 of the fastest passenger engins. The test will begin in a few days. The electric locomotives are to be used in the Park avenue tunnel. The above, from an exchange, is of interest. It leads to the hope that a time is coming when it will be possible to travel rapidly in cars the open windows of which will not draw in clouds of coal smoke and cinders.

Striking Balance Between Parties.

The campaign for the Presidency of the United States is on. The Democratic party—the party out of power—has produced a candidate in Judge Parker and is going before the country with him asking the support of the people. "Put the Republicans out of office; put us in," is the cry of the Parkerites.

Well, let us think about that. Before thinking seriously of accepting the Democratic position it would be well for the country to take account of stock—to strike some sort of a balance between the two parties.

That balance will be found to run something like this:

REPUBLICAN ACCOMPLISHMENTS

Erected mills and put people at work.
Opened up foreign markets.
Employed labor to a full extent at good wages.
Restored public confidence and public credit.
Established the gold standard.
Made Cuba free.
Gave Porto Rico civil government.
Brought about order in the Philippines and granted civil government in a large measure.
Made Hawaii a Territory.
Marched into Pekin and by diplomacy maintained the integrity of China.
Obtained open ports for trade in the Far East.
Insisted on arbitration in the Venezuelan matter and successfully defended the Monroe Doctrine.
Made the United States flag respected everywhere.
Made American diplomacy notable in history and a power in the world.
Protected the rights of the American citizens and kept peace.
Constructed a navy of importance.
Made appropriations to reclaim arid lands.
Purchased the Panama Canal property and started to connect the two oceans.

DEMOCRATIC ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Closed the manufactories.
Drove labor out of employment.
Fostered the free soup-houses.
Insisted on making a dollar worth fifty cents.

There you have it—the record. And it is not the full record, either, so far as the Republican party is concerned. The party has accomplished much more—very much more—since President Cleveland added to the national debt to save the Nation's financial integrity and turned the closed mills over to the Republicans to open up again. There is not room on this page to give the history of what the Republican administrations have accomplished, but this brief summary is quite sufficient for practical purposes.

On the records made the two parties must be judged—on the records and promises for the future. And what are these promises which the people are asked to listen to—the fifteen million voters who will go to the polls in November?

Here they are:

REPUBLICAN PROPOSITION.

We shall follow and continue in force the policies which have made the country great and prosperous.

DEMOCRATIC PROPOSITION.

Trust us.

That is the basis of the campaign of the Democrats—"Trust us!"

Trust them? Hasn't the country trusted them through two long administrations? And what was the result?

We do not believe that the people have forgotten that result—not just yet.

A Successful Engagement.

The Dilger-Cornell company closed a very successful engagement at the Lyceum Saturday night. Several members of the troupe drove to Port Allegany after the performance on their way to accept engagements for the fall and winter season.

Thursday night "O'Moore's Courtship" was greeted with a packed house and many people were compelled to stand. The performance was satisfactory and at its close the prize pig contest was pulled off. Willie Lunn captured the porker with neatness and dispatch.

Friday night S. R. O. was again the rule. The Smethport and Mt. Jewett baseball teams occupied boxes. The play, "His Mother's Sin," was well rendered, Miss Melba Palmer again demonstrating that she is an emotional actress of exceptional ability. At the close of the regular performance, it being "amateur" night, some local talent appeared.

Mrs. Jane McBride did some neat soft shoe dancing.

Little Ruth Voorhees of Olean rendered a pleasing recitation.

Jeff Irons danced an Irish reel with great agility.

Chas. McBride, a wrestler, weighing 135 pounds, issued a sweeping defi to all comers up to 165 pounds with no takers, so that his prowess is therefore established.

John Penn, the Shawmut railroad nightingale, sang some $8 a seat Italian opera, without accompaniment. John's performance was considered by many people to be the hit of the evening.

Riley Bowser did a rather puzzling turn, which for lack of a better name can be called "Escaped from an Insane Asylum."

Ruth Voorhees was awarded the first prize of $3 and Jane McBride the second prize of $2.

Saturday the house was crowded to the doors at both performances. Fred Dilger, Margaret Johnson, Monte Lewis, John Schaffer and little Beatrice Neipling all scored great successes in their specialties.

Don't forget that Dilger and Cornell's new company give two performances at the Lyceum Friday and Saturday evenings.

WANTED.—A position as clerk in a store by a lady of experience. Adress,
KATHERYN BAKER,
Smethport, Pa.

The D. A. R.

The Smethport chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution have a day annually known as "Mt. Jewett Day." Yesterday was the recurrence of this day and, as usual, the members assembled at the handsome home of Mrs. Dr. Burdick. The members present were Madames Morrison, Gifford, Wells, Eastman, Forrest, Bell, Redfield, Walker McCoy, Hamlin and Gallup; with Misses Choate, Gifford, McCoy and Hamlin and Miss Hammar of West Virginia, Miss Colegrove of Friendship and Mrs. W. F. Shero of Lancaster, Pa. Papers were read by Mrs. Emma Gifford, Mrs. Henry McCoy and Mrs. Eastman on the subject "Early McKean County Biography."

The members had their dinner in High street park, one of the pleasantest little parks or groves in the county, and one that is deserving of more attention on the part of our own citizens. The drive from Smethport was a pleasant one, the papers read were excellent and full of historic interest, and the day delightfully spent.—Mt. Jewett News.

Scandinavian Brotherhood.

Cleveland, O., was chosen as the place for holding the 1905 annual meeting of the grand lodge of the Scandinavian Brotherhood of America, Frank Ericson, of Irvina, was elected president; Jacob Olson, of McKeesport, vice president, John Burkman, of Braddock, treasurer, and John O. Soubergh, of Bradford, secretary. Two other candidates were out for the office of secretary, but Mr. Soubergh had a handsome majority on the first ballot. He has made a very efficient official in the past, and is an enthusiastic worker in the order, and it is due in a great measure to his untiring efforts that the organization has grown to its present large numbers.

Very Low Rates to the West.

The Missouri Pacific Railway offers the following low rates from St. Louis to points in the West, Southwest, and Northwest during the dates specified. To Portland, Seattle and Tacoma, from Aug. 15th to 18th, at $57.50 for the round trip. To San Francisco and Los Angeles, from Aug. 15th to Sept. 10th, at $47.50 for round trip. To Denver, Colorado Springs and Salt Lake City, until Sept. 30th, at one fare, plus fifty cents, for the round trip. Homeseekers tickets on sale to points in the Southwest on the second and fourth Tuesdays, and to points in the West on the first and third Tuesdays of August and September. One-way colonist tickets on sale daily to the Pacific Coast from Sept. 15th to Oct. 15th, at $30.00. For full particulars address Jno. R. James, C. P. A. 315 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining in the post office at Smethport for the week ending Aug. 18, 1904:

Osker Burdick, James Holland, Mrs. Myra Lenkin, Miss D. Morrison, Miss Alice Olson, C. Everett Smith.

Persons calling for these letters please say "advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1000 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Special bargains in Summer Lap Robes and Horse Blankets.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

THE CLARION
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL

Furnishes Professional Training for Teachers—Prepares Young People for College—Offers excellent Facilities for General Education. FREE Tuition for Prospective Teachers. Board, Room Rent and Laundry for School Year, 43 weeks, $127.00; for Fall Term, 16 weeks, $49.00. Station of Pittsburg, Summerville and Clarion Railroad directly opposite Normal Laundry. Fall term opens Tuesday, September 6, 1904. For further particulars address

Principal Normal School, Clarion, Pa.

Correspondence

Bookkeeping or Shorthand, full course by mail, $12.00. The best there is, and all it is worth anywhere. If more is paid it goes to agents who do the "talking."

Students select Westbrook Academy on its merits; the school does not have to employ drummers; 29d year will open Sept. 6.

One month in school is better than one year by mail. Nearly all who try the correspondence schools change sooner or later to the business colleges; scores of such pupils have qualified here and more are registered for the coming year. For booklets and rates address WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N.Y.

LOOK ME UP

When in need of anything in

Fruit and Green Goods.

I always have on hand a complete line of Periodicals, Magazines, Cigars, Tobacco, Confectionery, etc.

Give me a call,

Ellwood Gaskin,
Smethport, Pa.

IN the Court of Common Pleas for the County of McKean:

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the said Court on Tuesday the 30th day of August, at 2 o'clock p. m., or as soon thereafter as council may be heard, under the "Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29, 1874, and its supplements, by W. F. Burr, Stella Burr, J. S. Brown, W. A. Young and J. D. Burr, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the Oak Hill Cemetery Association; the character and object of which is for the purpose of creating and maintaining a fund for the perpetual care of Oak Hill cemetery of Eldred, Pa., and the buying, selling and holding of land for cemetery purposes, and for this to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by the said Act and its supplements.

J. B. HAUGHNEY,
Solicitor.

Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets and Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all line of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Case Traveling Bags etc., at popular prices.

Harness—All the latest styles in single or double, light and heavy harness.

Thos. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

TO EVERYBODY

Whenever you visit Bradford it is our wish that you come and see us, whether you have cause or not.

Most homes have a man or a boy about and as long as we are in the men's and boys' outfitting business we claim the right to extend an invitation to you to call on us.

New things for spring are opening daily, and now that you know our wishes come.

IKE SIMONS

46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Clothing Store

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's ICE CREAM and Soda with Crushed Fruits.

Rochester Business Institute

BUSINESS AND SHORTHAND COURSES.

Young people fitted and placed in Business Positions. More positions to fill than candidates to recommend. New 1904-'05 Catalogue ready.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

BIG BARGAINS

IN MEN'S BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

It is time for me to get ready for and make room for new Fall Stock. Business has been big so I can therefore make some big reductions in all the three Depts. above named. If you don't call in and look around you are surely out of town.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

PURPLE TRADING STAMPS PURPLE TRADING STAMPS

Clearance Sale

Of all Wash Goods, such as Lawns, Dimities, Organdies and other thin goods

ALL GOODS WILL BE SOLD AT COST

Purple Stamps will be given with each cash purchase.

Also what Shirt Waists are left will be sold at cost.

Ask to see the remnant baskets as you will find exceptionally good values.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

July 19, 1904.

If it is a

Nice Suit of Clothes

that you want now is the time and this is the place to get it.

This store never knows a dull season and I am always prepared to serve my customers with the best.

G. W. Shillenn,

The Leading Tailor

Chadwick Block. Smethport.

McCoy's Drug Store.

We carry a full line of
BUTTERICK PATTERNS
EASTMAN KODAKS and SUPPLIES
PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
TUXEDO STATIONARY
and are headquarters for
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES,
BOOKS, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES,
CIGARS AND TOBACCO

McCoy's Drug Store.

It is not Extravagance

If you come to us for your Summer Furniture. It is true that we have the best but it does not cost as much here as much here as the ordinary kind elsewhere.

Be cool and comfortable during the hot summer months. You can do it just as well as not; all it requires is some of our easy Porch Furniture.

"See Sloan First."

16 Main Street, BRADFORD, P

Remnant Sale!

ONE WEEK

August 19th to 27th

Hundreds of short lengths from every department left from our Clearance Sale will be ready FRIDAY, AUG. 19th for this sale. All remnants and odd lots of goods must be closed out and we've made the price so that they'll go quick.

Below we name a few lines that we offer exceptional bargains in:

Dress Goods
Embroideries
Ginghams
Prints
Shirt Waists
Wrappers
Dressing Sacques
Men's and Boys' Hats
Men's and Boys' Caps
Negligee Shirts
Shirt Waist Suits

Wash Goods Remnants at Just Half.

THE LINDHOLM COMPANY

STANDARD

LUZON

BINDER

TWINE

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Aug. 18, 1904.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—School opens Monday, Aug. 29.

—See Holmes & Gilfillan's new ad.

—Eldred vs. Smethport next Tuesday.

—Typhoid fever is still raging in Ridgway.

—Don't forget the Grange picnic at Coryville, August 30.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Ed Herbert, on Aug. 18, a daughter.

—Austin is making preparations for a big Labor Day celebration.

—Miss Ethel Tull has accepted a position in Fry & Comes' store.

—Eldred vs. Smethport, league game, at Kane field next Tuesday.

—Hon. Lewis Emery, Jr., is seriously ill at his home in Bradford.

—The residence of C. Herzog on Centre street has been repainted.

—Potter county has another ice mine. It is located in Dingman run.

—Dilger-Cornell company at the Lyceum Friday and Saturday nights.

—The Olean races are on this week and some fast exhibitions are being given.

—Miss Carrie Dickinson has accepted a position in the store of The Lindholm Co.

—M. L. Bisett has a new ad to-day in regard to Japanese china. Don't fail to read it.

—Members of St. Luke's Sunday school enjoyed a picnic at the park yesterday.

—A number of Smethport young people attended a leap year party at Crosby last night.

—Hon. Joseph W. Bouton, who has been ill at his home for the past few days, is now able to be out again.

—A new paper has been launched at Galeton. The Galeton Democrat is its name and the first number appeared last week.

—Bradford will have football this season. The Eagles, Bradford Athletic Club and High School will have teams in the field.

—A good attendance is desired at the meeting of the W. C. T. U. in the Methodist chapel Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 3 p. m. Important business.

—Annie Beth, aged 17 years, is in jail at Latrobe, Pa., charged with the murder of her twin boy babies on Wednesday of last week, soon after they were born.

—"Thy Kingdom Come," is the subject for next Sunday morning at the Methodist Church. Views of Tissot's Paintings of scenes in the last days of Christ will be shown in the evening.

—Farmers should read the advertisement of Redfield's Hardware this week.

—The P., S. & N. R. R. will run one of its popular excursions to Stony Brook Glen and Hornellsville on Sunday next. Train leaves Smethport at 7:55 a. m. and the rate is $1.00 for the round trip.

—County Treasurer A. W. Boyd has appointed A. B. Walker of this city as his deputy in the treasurer's office at Smethport to succeeded the late Clement C. Boyd. Mr. Walker will begin his duties to-day.—To-day's Era.

—F. S. Baker moved his family to Mt. Jewett this week. He will superintend the erection of the Boyd glass plant which burned there recently and will probably continue as manager of the plant this winter.—Eldred Eagle.

—Dr. W. P. Burdick, assisted by several Mt. Jewett friends, gave a pig-roast near Campelltown the first of the week, in honor of a number of Bradford and Smethport guests. The writer wishes to thank this party for a pleasant outing.

—Races will be held at the driving park, Bradford, Aug. 23, 24, 25 and 26. For the accommodation of those on the line of this road desiring to attend, the B., B. & K. R. R. will hold their train 5 at Bradford until 6 p. m. on the above dates.

—Alfred Sturdvient is now putting on the market his old reliable hair tonic. This tonic has been a favorite with his customers here for many years and he is having a very good sale for it. Call on him if you are having trouble with your hair.

—Commissioner Walsh was down from Smethport Friday morning and an order of relief was taken out for Mrs. F. T. Plunkett of S. Main street, who is ill with typhoid fever. If she is able removal will be made to Smethport.—Eldred Eagle.

—There were a large number of shell workers at the bridge Sunday on account of the numerous excursionists from New York state. They did not get any of the coin, however, owing to the vigilance of Sheriff Mays, and other officials.—Bradford Record.

—D. W. Mack and young son while huckleberrying on a mountain near Williamsport got into a snake colony and were surrounded by venomous reptiles. They killed thirty-four rattlers before they secured a safe avenue from their perilous situation.—Ex.

—Coudersport had quite a lively time at its celebration last week. "Viola," a male snake-charmer, nearly started a riot by slapping a husky telephone lineman with about two feet of snake. The lineman and his friends proceeded to put the "midway" out of business and quite a fight was the result. It was finally stopped by police and citizens. Various other sensations are reported but cannot be vouched for.

—The Austin Republican remarks: There are merchants in all towns who do not advertise in their home papers, but are easy marks for the advertising fakir. We would like to learn the exact returns from an advertising card hung up in a circus tent for a couple of hours.

—It is reported that R. K. Godding, local editor of the Kane Republican had his pockets picked while at the Firemen's Convention in Warren last Thursday. The crooks got $10.50 away from the editor along with some editorial mileage, etc. Others are reported to have also lost purses.

—Elk, McKean and Jefferson counties have withdrawn from the Northwestern Pennsylvania Odd Fellows' Association and have formed a similar organization. The reason of the change was owing to the inconvenience caused the three counties in reaching conventions on account of the wide territory embraced.

—The Smethport base ball team is playing good ball and they are almost certain of winning the McKean league pennant, but unless the team receives better financial support they will be compelled to disband before the close of the season. If the people want base ball in Smethport they must show it by their deeds.

—Among the latest fads of the seashore girls are the sunburned initials of the fellows to whom they become engaged, on their arms. Short sleeves, initials cut from black court plaster and affixed to the arm, and the sun will do the rest, leaving the letters in pink and white on the sunburned skin. The letters will fade away as the engagements do at the close of the season.—Denver Post.

—The Northwestern Pennsylvania Firemen's Association in convention at Warren last week elected the following officers, there being no opposition for the offices of president and treasurer: President, Eugene Penke of Bradford; first vice president, Porter R. Walker of Warren; second vice president, Frank Leonard of Renovo; treasurer, Moses Cohn of Bradford; secretary, Fred Seger of Emporium.

—The fourth annual reunion of the Comes family will be held at the home of Mrs. Floretta Gallup at Norwich, Aug. 25th. Mrs. Gallup is the only surviving member of the large family of brothers and sisters now left in this section and her pleasant home, with its spacious lawn and maple and fir trees, offers a most excellent place for such a gathering. Members of the family are expected from Kansas, Colorado and the east and south.

—Our Turtle Point correspondent says: Miss Violetta Bush of Buffalo, formerly of Turtle Point and for the past two years employed in H. A. Meldrum & Co.'s department store as saleslady in children's cloak department was calling on her relatives here Saturday and returned to Buffalo on the afternoon train. She had spent one week with her parents and brother, W. W. Bush, at Portage Creek. She also visited friends at Fred Cleveland's and Leslie Pattison's at Open Brook.

—The Smethport Lady Maccabees entertained the New City and Crosby Hives at their lodge rooms in the I. O. O. F. block Tuesday afternoon. About 50 visitors were present and elaborate entertainments were furnished them. A program consisting of speaking, vocal and instrumental music, etc., was rendered and delicious refreshments were served. The visitors were highly pleased with the treatment extended them and were profuse in their praises of the Smethport ladies.

—A local man and his daughter picked two large pails of berries for a Gates Hollow woman Saturday afternoon and the woman was not a friend of his at that. When the fruit was plucked it was not intended to be used as a peace offering, but the way the berrying excursion terminated made it that. A female resident of Woodland appeared upon the scene and asked the man to give the berries to her. She was looking along the muzzle of a gun when she made the request, so the man allowed his gallantry to get the better of his thrift, and he gave the berries up.—Bradford Record.

—Sunday base ball in Galeton has resulted in arrests. The members of the Austin nine are under arrest charged with doing unnecessary work on the Sabbath and also playing base ball on Sunday. The members of the Addison base ball team will be arrested if they cross the line into Pennsylvania again this season. The Law and Order League of Galeton made the complaints. Austin and Addison played in Galeton last Sunday before a large crowd, despite the warning from the league that arrests would follow. Warrants could not be obtained Sunday and so the game was played but afterwards the Austin players were arrested with their manager.—Bradford Star.

—Warner's Business College at Bradford begins the fall term August 29. Shorthand, commercial and all the common branches. At this school the seven months' complete commercial course can be finished in from 12 to 16 weeks' time and the shorthand course can be finished in 12 or 14 weeks' time. Of course students can have a longer time if they wish for which there is no charge. Individual instruction is given in this school which makes better graduates and shortens the time. "Office Routine" is the book used in teaching bookkeeping. It gives the "theory" and also the "business practice" all through the course. "Cross Elastic Shorthand," the easiest and best system known, is the kind of shorthand taught. Special rates on railroads. Send for circular.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Personal Mention.

Chordis Oviatt had business in Bradford Monday.

Miss Sarah Greer is visiting friends in Kane this week.

A. W. Colegrove attended the races at Olean yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gerrett are Olean visitors to-day.

A. L. Youmans and S. A. Powell were Kane visitors Friday.

Miss Edna Raymond made Port Allegany a visit last week.

Walter Daniels passed Sunday with Port Allegany friends.

W. O. Herzog left today for a visit with friends at Warren.

Miss Edith McGuire is a guest of friends in Punxsutawney.

Mrs. James McKean and Mrs. Lottie O'Day visited Newton Tuesday.

Geo. Hyde was among the Smethport visitors at Coudersport last week.

Earl Abbey was a Coudersport visitor during the centennial celebration.

Miss Beatrice Gifford was a guest of Port Allegany relatives last week.

Misses Ella and Sallie Nixon were guests of Port Allegany relatives last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford L. Fry and Ralph Herzog are visiting relatives in Buffalo.

Dr. and Mrs. John Tretton and son of Rochester, N. Y., are visiting relatives in town.

Miss Ida Anderson of Port Allegany was a guest of Miss Amanda Anderson over Sunday.

Miss Hattie Hall is spending the summer with Miss Pearl Camp at Clarksburg, W. Va.

Mr. and Mrs. B. L. Knapp departed Monday for a few weeks' sojourn in Boston, Mass.

Ross Colegrove returned Monday evening from a visit with friends in Chipmunk, N. Y.

Hon. Robt. H. Rose and son, Craig, of Binghamton, N. Y., visited Smethport friends this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Merrill of Geneva, N. Y., were guests of relatives in town over Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Specht, daughter, Edna, and son, Fred, left Tuesday for a sojourn at Chautauqua lake.

Miss Zela Canfield of Bradford is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Julia Thornton of East Main street.

Ward Ramer left Monday for Kane, where he has accepted a position in the grocery store of W. O. Gallup.

Miss Mabel Schobert returned on Saturday from a month's visit with friends in Buffalo, N. Y., and Canadian points.

Geo. R. Brownell departed Tuesday morning for a few weeks' sojourn at Celeron and other points on Chautauqua lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Kemp J. Condy and children of Morgantown, W. Va., visited relatives in town the latter part of last week.

Claud Burdick, who has been drilling in the Kansas oil fields, visited Smethport, his boyhood home, during the past week.

Miss Bessie Provin, who has been visiting friends in town for several days, returned to her home in Bolivar Tuesday.

J. A. Samson of Winchester, Ky., formerly an extensive lumber manufacturer in McKean county, visited Smethport on Monday.

H. M. Choate and Clarence Choate departed for Boston, Mass., Saturday last, where they are attending the national reunion of the G. A. R.

Rev. and Mrs. J. Heber McCandless, Mrs. Henry Hamlin, Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin and Mrs. Howard E. Merrill left yesterday for a visit to Petoskey Mich.

Justice O. T. Chase of East Smethport departed Saturday last for a visit in Bradford, Maine. He will visit various New England points before he returns.

A. J. Gilfillan, one of the prominent business men of Smethport, came over to Kane last evening and left on the flyer this morning for a western trip.—Monday's Kane Republican.

A. W. Leonardson, manager of the Beastrom Store, has gone to Cleveland, Buffalo and other points in company with F. G. Lindholm, to purchase new goods.—Kane Republican.

Misses Lucile, Myrtle and Stella Hinman, Martha Brennan and Nellie Masser and Chas. Masser are spending a week at Chautauqua, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Blowers of Westfield, N. Y., are also members of the party.

Thomas Young came over from Smethport yesterday and spent the day with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Scipio Young. Tom is an old time ball player, and was an interested spectator at the game yesterday afternoon.—Tuesday's Kane Republican.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Camp are visiting in New Castle and Clarksburg in company with their son, Geo. Camp, and family of Clarksburg, W. Va. They will soon join Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Hall and daughter, Ruth, who are sojourning at Atlantic City.

For Sale.

A good sized fire-proof safe and a sideboard in good condition. Further information furnished at this office.

I have a large stock of trunks, suit cases and traveling bags at my usual low prices. Call and see them.
CHAS. LEMMLER.

Our Fall stock of Guns just in, must be seen to be appreciated. Look now.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Telegraphy $50.

A four months' course in telegraphy only $50 at Westbrook Academy, Olean.

MONARCH SHIRTS $1.00 & $1.50 — BELL 'PHONE — BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MEN'S FURNISHINGS!

FRY & COMES

Successors to Fry & Herzog.

SILKS

FOR SHIRT WAIST SUITS.

We offer a choice lot of printed silks this week at very substantial savings to you.

* * * *

There's a good selection of patterns in the fashionable shades and if you have thought of a shirt waist suit at all it will certainly pay you to make your purchase now. The saving is from ¼ to ⅓ from regular prices.

See the window display.

15 yd lengths. Your pick. At per yard **38c**

FRY & COMES.

A PLEASING HABIT

of ours is to always keep our stock in such shape that we can supply a customer's wants readily and with the large stock we have on hand we can insure good service in

HARDWARE and BUILDING MATERIALS.

We never let a little effort keep us from pleasing a customer when we know the peculiarities of his wants. Our goods are high grade.

"All Inquiries Promptly Answered."

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

DIAMONDS AND WATCHES

DIAMONDS

We are offering great bargains at the present time. Your money is well spent when you invest it in Diamonds.

WATCHES

WATCH REPAIRING
DIAMOND SETTING
AND ENGRAVING

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

GREAT BARGAINS.

During the month of August we are offering special prices on all summer goods.

Hats sold at and below cost.

Great Bargains in white shirt waists and dressing sacques.

A few shirt waist suits, just the thing for hot weather, at prices that will surprise you.

Ladies' and Misses' wash skirts from 69c to $1.90.

A large line of wrappers, corsets, underwear, etc.

Headquarters for infants' and children's ready-made clothing.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN

Watch Out

for the beautiful assortment of

Japanese China

Imported direct from China, which I will show, commencing this week. This is the finest assortment of those goods ever shown in our city. Come and take a look at them. Prices reasonable.

M. L. BISETT,
THE CITY STORE.

HER FATHER'S WAY

By ALLAN P. AMES

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

A young man was in love with Southley's daughter Lois. The fact is noteworthy only because this particular young man happened to be the first whose ambitions had received serious attention. Like a wise parent, Southley made no overt attempt to influence her decision. Nevertheless his mind was hard at work, because among all the youngsters who aspired to be his son-in-law Robert Lorland was his choice. Had Lois shared his opinion there would have been no occasion for the discussion now progressing in a cool corner of the veranda.

"But, father," she was objecting, "his chin is so square and firm and his mouth so hard. His face is almost repellent at times."

"His features are rugged," said Southley, "but I see gentleness in them as well as strength. Robert's worth a dozen of those round cheeked, chinless boys that have been hanging around here this summer."

"But, dear daddy, how can I love a man I'm afraid of? Why, if he ever commanded me to marry him I'd just have to. Oh, I don't know what I do think. Sometimes"—

"Then he hasn't asked you yet?" said her father.

"Yes; he asked, though he looked as if he preferred to pick me up and run off without a word. How I ever denied him I don't know, but I begged him to wait, and he's coming at 5 this afternoon for his final answer."

Southley laid aside his cigar and turned to regard the perplexed face more intently. "Daughter," he said, "you don't know men like your old daddy. Those blue eyes of yours have much to learn. Take a good, long look before you send away a fellow like Robert Lorland."

"Really, I wish I could see him as you do, but I'm afraid I can't. I have the feeling that if he were ever crossed he'd be positively brutal."

"You never knew him to do a harsh or unkind thing, did you?"

"No; nor anything markedly kind or gentle, either."

"Well, it's hard luck," he sighed. "Superficially, his looks are against him."

For a long while after Lois had left him to make those changes in her appearance which she thought were essential for the coming ordeal he remained thoughtfully smoking, with his eyes fixed upon the long white stretch of road down which young Lorland would shortly come marching to his fate. Mottled shadows of the sheltering vine crept across the veranda floor until they reached the spot the old cat had chosen for her family's afternoon siesta. Apparently considering shade unhealthful, she opened her eyes, stretched and yawned, shook her clustering offspring from their snug comfort and sauntered toward the master of the house. Arriving by his chair, she gazed a moment into his preoccupied face, then sprang upon his knee and rubbed her ears against his waistcoat.

"Why, Poosie," said the old gentleman, rousing from his reverie, "deserted the nursery? For a lady of so many family cares your familiarity is shocking. There! You see? That's nervally what comes of it."

One of the kittens had started to roll down the front steps. Southley sprang to the rescue in time to prevent a completion of the descent. Poosie watched him with approval, but in the end wished she had attended to the matter herself; for, after standing a moment with her venturesome child held thoughtfully before him, the man suddenly tucked it under his arm and started off around the house.

"Edward," he shouted to the gardener, "Edward, I went to borrow your high rubber boots. And see if you can find me a small wooden box."

A few minutes before 5 Lois returned to the veranda, a vision in white, but with her white face clouded with indecision. "I almost wish I hadn't told you, father," said she. "Before that I had my mind made up to send him away. Now I don't know what I shall do. And he's so masterful that if I show the slightest hesitation he's sure to make me do as he wants. Won't you stay and help me?"

Her father did not answer. He was standing at the end of the porch watching some one down the road. Lois went to his side and with a hand on his shoulder followed his gaze.

"Wonder what that chap's up to?" he remarked.

"He's too far away to make out who he is," she replied indifferently.

The unknown had halted and taken a stand beside the road with his back toward them. Something in the field had attracted his attention.

"Let's see what he is looking at," said Southley, as he handed Lois a pair of field glasses and took another pair for himself.

Without stopping to wonder how they happened to be so ready at hand, the girl received the binoculars and leveled them toward the figure on the road. Judging from his dress the man was young and prosperous, for his white flannels were of jaunty cut, and a gay ribbon encircled his stiff straw hat. Subsequent developments made the resplendent freshness of his costume all the more noticeable.

On the other side of the ditch bounding the highway was a muddy little pond, in the center of which they now remarked a box floating a small, frightened kitten. The little thing floundered at the edge of its frail support as though debating whether to remain and starve or trust itself to the dark water. Lois, even fancied she could hear its appealing cries, and with an exclamation of pity she made toward the steps.

"Wait," said her father, putting out a detaining hand. "He's going to look after it. Besides, it can't fall off. It's tied."

"I don't see how you can tell," said Lois. "Your glasses must be better than mine."

In spite of the muddy water and its unknown depth, the young man seemed to be resolved upon rescue. He started to roll up his immaculate trousers, then, apparently realizing the futility of such precaution, threw off his coat and waded in. It was evident that if necessary he meant to swim. But he was spared that sacrifice. When he reached the marooned kitten the water was barely above his knees. Disregarding the ingrateful little beast's outrageous spittings and clawings, he picked it up box and all, and started back to shore.

"Oh," cried Lois, with a long breath, "isn't he a dear! I don't believe there's another man in the place who would go to all that trouble for a poor little kitten. I wonder who he is. Won't you go out and thank him, father? Perhaps the kitten is one of Poosie's."

"I am sure he would appreciate thanks from you more," replied Southley, "and when he comes this way you'd better do it yourself. He deserves all the nice things you can say to him."

"Why, what do you mean?" inquired Lois, glancing up quickly at the significant note in his voice.

"Where are your eyes, daughter? There, he's facing us, with his hat off. Now you must recognize him."

The youth with the kitten on his arm had reached dry soil, where he stood ruefully inspecting his mud soaked clothing. After a moment's meditation, however, he put on his coat and continued his progress toward them, still bearing the kitten.

Lois took one long look, then lowered her glasses to hide a burning face against her father's coat.

"Is he still coming?" she at length whispered.

"Certainly," said Southley. "You didn't think he'd miss his appointment just because his clothes were mussed, did you?"

Lois forsook his encircling arm and began to settle her hair with deft pats. "I think," said she—"I think— No, I don't think any more; I know. Father, I shan't need your help. I'd rather thank him myself."

"All right, child," replied the old gentleman, turning to enter the house. "I never believed it wise for parents to meddle in such affairs as these."

Life, Death and Love.

A woman lay with closed eyes and quiet breath waiting to welcome an angel whose presence seemed to overshadow the white curtained room. A man knelt beside the bed, the woman's hand pressed close in his against his cheek, while his lips moved as if in prayer.

In the room were Life, Death and Love.

"What have you given her?" questioned Death of Life.

"I brought her my best gifts," answered Life. "Youth, health, beauty, joy and love."

"Has Love brought her good gifts?" again asked Death.

Said Love, with wistful eyes: "I brought her brave, bright hours; sunshine and laughter, happiness and glory in living and then a heavy cross. The sunshine she shed all about her, even with the fading of Life's glory; the cross hidden deep in her soul cast out self and made a new radiance and beauty there."

"Let her come to me," said Death. "Life had much to give, but peace and rest are not for Life to bestow. Love would give all, but must reckon with the human heart. I will crown and glorify and bless her."

Life fled from the quiet room with a sigh and one whispered tender word, but Love lingered, brave even in the full presence of Death.

"What of him?" said Love, pointing to the kneeling figure.

"He made the cross?" Death asked.

"Yes," said Love, weeping.

"We must teach him," said Death, "what he could not learn from life."—L. M. S. in Outlook.

An Erratic Memory.

Mrs. Ransom's greatest trial was her poor memory. She had tried all sorts of "systems," both original and recommended, but nothing succeeded for more than a little while.

"I'm almost wild," she said plaintively to a niece who found her with a wet compress bound about her head, "for my old school friend, Mrs.— There, I hoped perhaps it would come to me, but it hasn't. Well, she is here in New York, and I met her on the street and asked her to luncheon, and I wanted you and Emma to meet her. But what can I do? How can I introduce her when I can't think of her name?"

The niece looked properly sympathetic and murmured something about every one's having times of forgetfulness.

"But there's no reason for this," moaned the sufferer, "for we have exchanged gifts at Christmas for years! I've tried all my systems, but it's no use; her name has gone, so I doubt if I should know it if I heard it. Of course I shall just have to say, 'This is my old school friend, Mary Lane.' It seems more natural, anyway, to call her that, because that was her name before she married George Ray. I suppose I shall have to pass it off as best I can!"

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price, 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

A SPY'S CLOSE CALL.

Rescued From Impending Death by a Clever Newspaper Ruse.

On the battlefield of Antietam Mr. McClure met General William J. Palmer, then a captain, and strongly urged him not to continue his movements as a spy after Lee had crossed into Virginia, but the gallant young soldier gave no promise as to what he would be likely to do, and the very first night after Lee crossed the Potomac he was again in Lee's camp and brought back important information to General McClellan.

Again he returned and entered the Confederate lines, and when he did not report after a week it was assumed that he had been captured and would probably be executed as a spy. He had been captured, was tried and condemned as a spy and sentenced to be executed, but he was saved by a clever newspaper device determined upon after a conference in Philadelphia between President J. Edgar Thomson of the Pennsylvania railroad, Colonel Scott and Mr. McClure. Thomson took special interest in Palmer, as he had been his secretary, and was much attached to him.

It was decided that Washington dispatches should be prepared for all of the Philadelphia morning papers announcing the arrival at the capital of Captain William J. Palmer, stating in what particular lines of the enemy he had operated, and adding that he had brought much important information that could not be given to the public at that time. These dispatches appeared next morning in all the Philadelphia papers, prominently displayed, and of course reached the southern lines within forty-eight hours.

The result was that Captain Palmer's identity was never established in Richmond, and his execution was thus suspended. In a little while, when some prisoners had been exchanged, there was a vacancy made in the list of the exchanged men by death. Palmer's friends had him take the place and name of the dead soldier, and he thus escaped and returned to the service.

ODD FACTS ABOUT COLOR.

One of Them Is That There Is No Food That Is Blue.

Did you ever notice that there is no blue food? We eat things green, red, yellow and violet; flesh, fish or plants, in all the colors of the rainbow except blue.

Many deadly poisons are blue in color, such as bluestone or the deadly nightshade flower. The color stands in our slang for everything miserable and depressing.

But this is only one of a thousand queer facts about colors.

Heat a bar of iron and the particles of the metal are set in motion, shaking violently one against another.

Presently the surrounding ether is set in motion in large, slow waves through the air, like the waves of the sea, until they break upon our skin and give us the sensation of heat. As the iron gets hotter other waves are set in motion in immense numbers, traveling at more than lightning speed, and these break upon the eye, giving us the sensation of red light.

The redhot iron, getting still more heated, throws out other sets of waves, still smaller and more rapid—orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, all the colors of the rainbow. The eye cannot tell one from another; the whole bundle of rays mixed up gives us an impression of white. That is the glow from white hot iron, and such is the light from the still greater brightness of the sun. Sunlight is a bundle of rays of light—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet all mixed together. The mixture of all colors is white light. The absence of all color is utter darkness.—New York Journal.

An Odd Court Incident.

Sensational incidents are not uncommon in the closing stages of famous criminal trials. One of the most remarkable occurred in Melbourne on the last day of the trial of Ned Kelly, known as the "ironclad bushranger of Australia." A knife dropped from a gallery overhead and fell at the feet of the desperado in the dock. He had every temptation to grasp it and put an end to his existence, for there was not the slightest chance of his escaping the gallows. But it was promptly picked up by a bailiff, and its owner was arrested and brought before the judge. He pleaded that the occurrence was purely accidental, and the explanation was accepted by the court.

Concentration.

The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single object, can accomplish something. The strongest, by disposing of his overmany, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continually falling, bores its passage through the hardest rock. The hasty torrent rushes over it with hideous uproar and leaves no trace behind.—Carlyle.

Worse Than the Upper Ten.

"Only the upper ten go to your church, don't they?" inquired the plain person.

"Yes," replied the organist of the swell church, "but they're not a circumstance to the uppish tenor in our choir."—Philadelphia Press.

Her Strikes.

Mr. Benedict—Do you know, my dear, I think we have a pretty good cook? How does she strike you? Mrs. Benedict—For more wages about once a week.—Illustrated Bits.

Her Query.

Gardener—This here is a tobacco plant in full flower, Lady—How very interesting! And how long will it be before the cigars are ripe?—New Yorker.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $75 IN ADVANCE.

ORIGIN OF "KICKERS."

Supposed to Come From an Occupation In Cornish Mines.

"I believe that the origin of the expressive bit of slang 'kickers' may be found in the very lowest form of occupation any member of the human race follows," W. M. Robinson states.

"Between Wormsley's and St. Helen's, in Cornwall, is an underground canal connecting the lower levels of the coal mines at Wormsley's with the surface station at St. Helen's which saves a great deal of money for the mine owners in handling the coal, which is simply loaded on the barges in the mines and transported by the canal under the mountains to the harbor at St. Helen's. When the canal was devised, however, how to provide for locomotion for these barges was a problem.

"Mules couldn't be used, and there were circumstances which made steam impossible, but an inventive genius finally solved the riddle by suggesting that cross pieces of timber be placed along the roof of the canal, which was very low, and men could lie on their backs on top of the loaded barges and 'kick' the vessel along. After the barge was once started this was found to be feasible.

The men could easily keep the load in motion by the means suggested, and it has ever since been in use. There is no question about the low grade of this sort of work, and even the men who follow it are constantly 'kicking' around the villages where they live. They were known at the mines officially as 'kickers' because of their work, and their vocal complaints, continually indulged in, caused every one at Wormsley's or St. Helen's, no matter what their station or employment, who indulged in complaints to be called 'kickers.' I presume that the origin of the word, as we use it, is just what I have suggested."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

DUTCH SUPERSTITIONS.

If the fire goes out on New Years eve trouble is foreboded.

If you walk backward the errand you are bound on at the time will fail.

To prevent cramp wear an eelskin garter about the left leg below the knee.

To cure warts rub a black snail over them, but the snail must afterward be impaled on a rose thorn.

The first person to enter your house on New Years day will, if he be light haired, bring bad luck to you; if dark haired, good luck.

To test your sweetheart's humor make him stir the fire. If he stirs it to a hearty blaze he is good humored. If he makes it smoke and fade he is hard to live with.

If a lock of your hair burns bright and long you will have a happy life of seventy years or more, but if it burns weakly and soon goes out your life will be both sad and short.

Mistaken Identity.

The wearied fist hunter pushed long and persistently at the button labeled "janitor." The house bore a sign stating that there were apartments to rent. The janitor was evidently absent from his post of duty, as there was no response to her repeated ringing.

Disheartened, the seeker for a home was about to turn away when the door was opened from the inside and a bright faced boy of about seven years was disclosed. He looked wonderingly at the visitor, who asked:

"What kind of an apartment is there for rent here?"

A look of mingled disgust and scorn slowly overspread the youngster's face. He surveyed the questioner from head to foot and finally said with an aggrieved air:

"Say, I ain't the janitor."—New York Press.

Why They Smiled.

Brother Jones was noted for his long and laborious prayers, and although the good people of the church respected him they were not at all pleased to hear him pray in meeting. The new minister was not aware of Brother Jones' unpopularity as a "prayer," so he had no idea why a ripple of amusement passed over the congregation when, after a hymn had been sung, he said, "Brother Jones will lead us in prayer," and in a fervent tone added, "and may God help us."

What It Contained.

Analysis of the water of an artesian well bored in a southern state showed that it contained a large proportion of ammonia. Uncle Zeb, a colored resident of the town, spoke of the matter in this wise to a drummer whose grip he was "toting" from the station: "We's got er artillery well here, an' las' week dey done scandalized de watah an' foun' it plum full er hydrophobia."

Wouldn't Raise Prices.

"Oh, dat I could git a job in de legislatur'!" exclaimed Brother Dickey.

"What would you be willing to work for?" some one asked.

"Well, suh," was the reply, "I wouldn't charge a cent mo' dan de yuther legislaturs."—Atlanta Constitution.

It Disagreed With Her.

"I told you it wouldn't do to invite Willie's teacher to dinner as long as I have to do my own cooking."

"Why, what happened?"

"She whipped Willie this morning."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Letting Him Live.

"I'd willingly die for you."

"Your income dies with you, does it not?"

"Certainly."

"Then don't."—Houston Post.

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Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secty of Internal Affairs—I. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Matson, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mayo, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—S. B. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walen, Smethport.
Com'rs Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, and Leon Curtis.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—Alfred Hughers, president; Miss Tavia Raymer, secretary; C. B. Mayo, treasurer; W. A. Ostrander, H. H. Redfield, J. H. Mooney, Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer
Justices—B. L. Knapp, R. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jno. N. Apple, treasurer; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—C. H. Hyde.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
W. A. ANDERSEN, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
WM. FUNCHEON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 227, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. J. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first and third Thursday evenings each month at 7:30 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall.
F. R. MAYO, Com.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
H. C. WELLS, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 53, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Re. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
MARY A. DENNING, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Cayford H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 3:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

TRAVELLER'S GUIDE.

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY ALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect May 29, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:
Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m.
For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north,
Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 5:23 p. m. New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:35 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m, Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

5:05 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:23 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m; Baltimore 3:20 a. m., Washington 5:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:35 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m., week days (10:28 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:15 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m. week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays). Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars, and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:20 a. m.—Train 9, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:25 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:20 p. m.—Train 61, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations.

Weekdays.

NORTH A M	LV	STATIONS	SOUTH A M
9:20		Ridgway	12:01
7:40		Johnsonburg	11:30
8:06		Glen Hazel	11:19
8:07		Straight	11:07
8:12		Instanter	11:02
8:29		Smith's Run	10:55
8:29		Woodvale	10:46
8:35		Clermont	10:40
P M			A M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:30 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:10 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 2:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, Gen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 19th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nesbit, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. East and West, and at Kane with P. R. R. for Harrisburg, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington.

9:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m., and 3:40 p. m. Saturday special arrives from Bradford 12:30 p. m. (Sunday) 9:00 a. m.

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y. A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt. Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 29, 1904

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.) connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:39 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:40 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:36 a. m.), Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:45 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brookwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.); connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr 5:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:38 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:06 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:34 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:26 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

8:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 8:55 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:09 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:05 p. m.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane, 2:20 p. m.—From Brookwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont, 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean, 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

D. F. MARONEY, General Supt. C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt. St. Marys, Pa.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	Dp	Lv Westward. A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8.05	7.05	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	8.25	2.10	
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	8.32	2.19	
7.46	0	1.57	Carpenter	0	8.34	2.22	
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	8.37	2.26	
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'fd Junc	7.37	8.42	2.32	
0	0	1.45	Newfield	7.41	8.46	0	
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	8.49	2.40	
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	8.55	2.47	
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	9.06	3.02	
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	9.09	3.10	
6.35	6.12	1.12	Franks	8.12	9.17	3.20	
6.15	0	1.05	N. Coudsp't	0	9.26	3.35	
6.10	6.00	1.00	Dp.	Ar.	8.25	9.30	3.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.				P.M.
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar.	Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
0	0	12.13	Hammond	0	0	0	0
4.05	7.38	12.00	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31	
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37	
3.45	0	11.50	Knowlton	0	6.17	0	
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51	
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01	
3.23	0	11.41	Coleman	0	6.34	0	
3.20	0	0	Chem. Wks	0	0	0	
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25	
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp	Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

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The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

ANCESTRAL LIMITATIONS

By T. Blair Eaton

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Francis Norton looked at the pouting girl opposite him and smiled pleasantly. This was characteristic of Norton. When anything particularly displeased him or when there was something unpleasant to be said, he invariably prefixed his utterances with this same misleading smile.

"Dolly," he said with much conviction, "you must admit that I have followed your whims with a fidelity deserving higher rewards than I have ever received. When you took up golf—and you took it up with undue seriousness, it seemed to me—kindly remember the patient afternoons I spent with you on the links. When you went in for slum work you probably recall the rounds of calls I made with you on the McIlmilnsses and the Lamperonis and the Bavorskis and the number of dirty children I held uncomplainingly on my knees and fed with candy. At the time your mind was bent on collecting, old china you certainly haven't forgotten the trip to Maine I made in the dead of winter to get a 'state's pitcher.' And so on through the list—and it's a long list, Dolly. Don't you misunderstand me. I was glad to do anything, so long as it was in your service. But the point is just here—whenever I speak to you of marriage all these things seem to count for nothing in my favor. There is some new fad to be followed out, and when that is done another is brought to light. It seems to be an endless task, and that is why I am protesting against your present devotion to genealogy."

"MY GREAT-GREAT-GREAT-GRANDFATHER WAS A THIEF."

Dolly bit her lip and looked at Norton angrily.

"Genealogy is not a fad with me, permit me to explain," she said coldly. "I have taken it up as a serious work. Mr. McGregor of the Genealogical society says I have the true genealogical instinct requisite for such endeavor."

Norton sighed.

"There have been so many things taken up by you as 'serious works,' Dolly," he began suggestively.

She interrupted him with an imperious little gesture.

"And all this because I suggested a man should take some interest in his ancestors," she remarked.

"I do take an interest in my ancestors," said Norton, "so much interest, indeed, that I am willing to let their memories rest in peace, infinitely better it seems to me, than prying into their affairs."

Dolly sniffed scornfully.

"Your lack of family pride is positively shocking," she asserted.

Norton's face became quite grave.

"Dolly," he said slowly, "if it would hasten your answer to my eternal question I'd hunt my ancestry back to Adam."

Dolly's face brightened.

"I'll make a compact with you," she said. "If you'll hunt it up for ten generations back, I'll—I'll marry you, Frank."

"Dolly! Do you mean it?"

She nodded emphatically.

"I'll do it," he said with determination, "not because I want ancestors, but because I want you, Dolly."

For two weeks after the interview Dolly saw little of him. Then, one blustering February evening, he came, with a strange, preoccupied look and a meek humility of bearing that contrasted strangely with his usual brisk, determined air.

"It's all over, Dolly," he said, dropping into a chair near the fire.

"What's all over?" said Dolly.

"Everything," he announced ambiguously.

"I thought you'd find it difficult," she said knowingly.

He paid no attention, but stared at the crackling fire.

"It is discouraging at first," she persisted, "there are so many of them."

"So many of what?" he said, looking up.

"Ancestors," said she.

He grunted something unintelligible.

"Still, with time and patience you can trace them," she went on.

"I've found them too readily," he said gloomily. "I wish they all were untraceable."

"I'm afraid I don't understand," she said, eying him curiously.

"I wish I didn't either," he groaned.

"Perhaps you'll explain, anyway," she said.

"Dolly," he said, with much tragedy in his voice, "this is probably the last time I shall ever see you."

Dolly looked a trifle frightened.

"My veins are fairly bursting with criminal blood."

"What!" said Dolly, thoroughly alarmed.

"My ancestors, you know," he said.

"Goodness!" she exclaimed, with more or less relief.

"I'll tell you all about it," he said, "but first you'd better lock up the silver. My great-great-great-grandfather was a thief."

He paused.

"Well, go on," she said impatiently.

"And I know now why I detest the confinement of the office so," he said. "One of my—I don't know how many 'greats' there should be—grandfathers did ten years for arson."

"Oh!" said Dolly, beginning to understand.

"That isn't the worst of it," said he.

"No?" asked Dolly anxiously.

"I also know why it is my collar often feels tight," Norton rattled on.

"Why?" said she.

"One of my ancestors wore a rope collar."

"Well, that certainly isn't a crime," said she.

"Dolly," he said severely, "try to understand. He was hanged. He was a pirate. They strung him up to the yardarm."

"Gracious!" gasped Dolly.

"So I came to say goodby," he said wearily. "Of course in light of these discoveries I can't ask you to marry me."

"You idiot," said Dolly, "I'm not marrying your ancestors."

He came over to her chair, and, catching her face in his hands, he looked at her until she grew crimson to her fingertips.

"You display a shocking lack of family pride," he said severely.

Dolly giggled softly.

"All the same," she said, "I don't think I care as much for genealogy as I did."

A Quotation Well Used.

Few have ever forgotten the cyclone of cheers that burst over the Republican convention of 1880 as Conkling, tall, majestic, imperious in his bearing, strode upon the platform and faced that great audience of 20,000 souls. Conkling was there determined to secure the nomination of Ulysses S. Grant as president for a third term. It was fifteen minutes before he could be heard. The mighty thunder of those 20,000 throats, from friend and foe, rolled and crashed and rumbled on. At length Conkling, swinging his arms above him, brought them down, down, down, by graceful moves as if to soothe the tempest. He did this a dozen times. There was silence at last. In a voice broken by four days of battle in committee rooms and on the floor of the convention, yet sonorous in its very hoarseness, he began his speech by declaiming:

And when asked what state he hails from
our sole reply shall be,
He hails from Appomattox and its famous
apple tree.

No scene in any national convention of either party since has rivaled that which greeted Conkling's use of Miles O'Reilly's famous lines. It was half an hour before he could proceed, and through it all the multitude cheered and roared its interruptions.—Everybody's Magazine.

Wonders of Chess Combination.

To estimate the actual number of ways of playing even a very few moves in chess is beyond the power of calculation. At first both players have a choice of but twenty moves. The first player has an average of twenty-eight, thirty and thirty-three ways of playing the second, third and fourth moves respectively. On the hypothesis that the number of "replies" is always the same, no matter what the preceding move may have been, the number of ways of playing the first four moves on one side only would be 318,979,504,000. Let us assume for convenience of calculation that for the next six moves on each side after the first four there is a choice of thirty ways of playing. We thus get by combination with the result quoted above figures which prove that the number of ways of playing the first ten moves on each side is 169,518,829,100,544,000,000,000,000,000.

The above figures are quoted from an article on "The Inexhaustibility of Chess" by Edward Anthony, a noted British mathematician.

Strange Antipathies.

"One of my patients," said a physician, "faints at the smell of a rose. In studying her case I found that a number of persons of a certain nervous temperament have always fainted before odors that to the normal mind are pleasant. Cardinal Cardona fainted if he drew near heliotrope. Boyle fainted at the smell of honey. Others have fainted at the smell of thyme, of fish and of violets.

"A second patient of mine develops a rash whenever she eats crab meat. That is a strange case, but in the records there are stranger cases—a boy, for instance, whose lips grew sore and swollen if he ate an egg; an old man who would bleed at the nose if he ate an apple.

"But the most peculiar personal antipathy I know of is the case of a widow. She is healthy and of a calm, placid mind, yet the sound of a funeral bell invariably throws her into a deep and dangerous swoon."—New York Telegram.

STORMS OF WIND.

Cyclones and Tornadoes on Land and Hurricanes at Sea.

The ordinary land cyclone is usually quite harmless, and it is only by a mistaken use of the term that it has become associated with those terrifying storms peculiar to our country known as tornadoes. Cyclones have a bad reputation because they are commonly associated with other more harmful storms. Instead of being dangerous and destructive they are the chief source of rain in spring and autumn and supply the snow which adds so much more to the pleasure of our northern winter. They cover a large extent of territory at one time and on an average follow one another across the country from west to east at intervals of about three days.

A tornado often does great damage. It is known by its funnel shaped cloud, which bounds and bounces along, now high in the air and again touching the ground. Where it skims along the ground the havoc is greatest. Here the mightiest structures of man are crushed in an instant before the avalanches of wind let loose from every direction. The air seems to have an explosive force, buildings falling outward instead of inward, as one might think. In such a storm no place is safe, but the southwest corner of a cellar affords the best protection obtainable. If in the open, lie flat on the ground. During a tornado, which lasts but a few minutes, the sky is covered by clouds of inky blackness, which here and there take on a livid greenish hue. The surface winds rush spirally upward into the funnel shaped cloud, carrying with them many articles which are afterward dropped some distance beyond. The danger zone is confined to a path less than half a mile in width and 100 miles in length. Those storms occur only on land.

The true hurricane is ocean born. On the high seas of the tropics it marshals its forces of wind and wave, before which the stoutest ship is helpless and the direst disasters are but waste. Even the sturdy trunk and spreading limbs of the sacred fig tree of India, whose mighty branches have been known to cover, on which to rest, and in the last ... West Indies ... scourged by the ... Atlantic coast, more or less in the line of these dreadful storms.

But the hurricane and the tornado are rare. The former seldom extends far inland, and usually occurs in the late summer or fall. Tornadoes are products of the south and west and are mostly confined to the spring and early summer months. The cyclone is a universal storm which travels over land and sea, in season and out of season, in spring or in fall, in summer or in winter. It is an old friend, but one much abused.—St. Nicholas.

The Cause of Waterspouts.

A waterspout is a meteorological phenomenon of peculiar character, which is occasionally observed on land but usually occurs at sea. It consists of a cone shaped pillar of condensed vapor which descends, with the apex downward, from a dense cloud and at sea attracts a somewhat similar cone in a reversed position from the surface of the water. The two may not inaptly be compared to a gigantic hour glass. The cause of this phenomenon is supposed to be the gyratory movement of the air with such swiftness as to produce a vacuum in the axis of rotation, and the contact of the lower extremity of such an axis with water would effect the elevation of a column of the latter to a considerable height. The most probable solution of the phenomenon is that waterspouts originate in adjacent strata of air of different temperatures running in opposite directions in the upper regions of the atmosphere. They condense the vapor and give it a whirling motion so that it descends tapering to the sea below and causes the surface of the water to ascend in a pointed spiral till it joins that from above.

A Pertinent Question.

He was ten years old, and when he slipped out of the house at daylight he left a note for his mother, saying he was going west to fight Indians. A discouraging combination of circumstances, in which hunger, weariness and fear all played a part, made him think better of it and he returned to the parental roof at 9:30 p. m.

He was not received with open arms. Indeed, the family met him with coldness. The clock ticked, his father's newspaper rattled, his big sister studied obtrusively, even his mother didn't seem to care whether he came back or not.

Nicodemus, the cat, not being in the secret, rose and rubbed his soft side caressingly against the culprit's leg. He stooped to pat him and then, with a last desperate attempt to start the ball of conversation, he demanded homesickly:

"Is this the same old rat you had when I went away?"

The Joke Was on the Baron.

Baron Alphonse Rothschild, the most patriotic of Frenchmen, issued a notice during the Franco-Prussian war that he would present a handsome sum of money to any Jewish soldier in the French army who might capture a German flag. Such a capture was made, and in due course the soldier came up for the promised reward. After he had received it Baron Alphonse invited the soldier into his private room and asked him to relate in detail the glorious episode. "Well, Mgr. le Baron, it was this way," said the hero; "the German soldier who carried the flag was also one of us, so we did it on the joint account."—Argonaut.

THE OGLESBY BRIDE

By KEITH GORDON

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When the senior partner is young, handsome and unmarried and the woman in the office of a quiet elegance of face and form, subtly suggestive of drawing rooms, it is apparent that complications become possible.

Oglesby himself had a vague consciousness of the fact at the end of Miss Wentworth's first year there. It was not so much that, under the charm of her personality, a Turkish rug, not originally included in the plan of office furnishings, had found its way into her room—that was a small matter! But that he perceived a certain incongruity in the fact that her slender, well shod feet rested upon a polished floor, while he and Stanton walked on rugs, was more significant. When incongruities of this sort attract a business man's attention he should beware.

Miss Wentworth, to be sure, had an atmosphere all her own, which seemed to demand a proper setting for her. To this silent demand of her individuality Oglesby made a good many concessions from time to time, almost without knowing that he did so. He had a whimsical theory that she was like fine china and should be treated with the greatest delicacy.

She herself never seemed to suspect that there was anything unusual in the attention that was paid to her comfort. If a rug were put down in her room, well, surely it was no more than proper that there should be a rug there. If Mr. Oglesby showed a real anxiety to know whether the chair that she occupied was as comfortable a one as could be procured, Miss Wentworth supposed that it was, but the usual thoughtfulness displayed by employers for their employees.

It was not until the little room occupied by her contained every office convenience that Oglesby was brought to a consciousness of the fact that there might be some personal motive in his thoughtfulness.

"Um! Seems to me, old man, that you're daft on the subject of our fair assistant," observed his partner when for the third time in as many months he had suggested some improvement to be made in the stenographer's equipment.

Oglesby answered him somewhat tartly, and in a manner meant to convey that an Oglesby could under no circumstances whatever become interested in a woman not of his own class.

Still the fact that Stanton had noticed anything unusual in his behavior irritated him. He remembered, with sharp discomfort, a number of times when he had worked hard—harder by far than he ever had with any woman of his own world—to win a smile from her. He even found relief in the thought that with a tact rare in a girl untrained to social life she had added zest to his efforts by her calm, well bred, but by no means encouraging manner.

"An Oglesby and daft on the subject of a stenographer!" he repeated to himself with scorn as Stanton's remark rankled in his mind. "I guess not!"

It was fortunate that he should have encountered Miss Wentworth on the street one day while this resentment was still warm in his mind. At the office, in spite of his resolutions, his manner was unchanged. Over and over again he forgot that the cold, serene young woman who looked at him very much as if he were a mere detail of the office furniture was simply his stenographer.

But when he met her on the street that day a sudden remembrance of Stanton's speech embarrassed him. After all, the Oglesby pride whispered, "Stanton was right." With this thought in his mind he checked the smile of greeting that rose to his lips and bowed with elaborate and somewhat patronizing gravity.

"Intends to be just as courteous to me as if I did not write his letters for so much per month," was the thought that flashed wickedly through Miss Wentworth's mind. Her acknowledgment of his greeting was reduced to a flicker of the eyelids that came perilously near to being imperceptible.

The effect was by no means lost upon Mr. Oglesby and produced in him a queer mixture of triumph and indignation.

"Jove," ran his thoughts appreciatively, "she has the air of a grande dame!"

The quick transition took place in his view of the matter, and he experienced a thrill of righteous indignation at her treatment. Had he not bowed to her precisely as he would have done to Miss Tell Eyck, with a mere trifling, impalpable difference of expression, which a person in her position could scarcely be expected to detect?

Just what was going to happen in the future can never be definitely known, for at that moment the vision of a tall, fair girl, whose eyes seemed to look into his with quiet mockery, terminated his train of thought. He felt almost as guilty as if the vision had been Miss Wentworth in the flesh, and somehow the dignified displeasure that he had meant to show when next they encountered each other at the office did not seem so possible as it had.

And, indeed, the "dignified displeasure" was not at all discernible in the reference that he afterward made to that meeting, which showed plainly his anxiety to efface any impression of patronage that Miss Wentworth might have absorbed—a reference that was received by her with an indifferent smile and a quick reference to business matters in hand that left him feeling neatly and beautifully snubbed.

Subsequently, in the stenographer's room, Miss Wentworth took a letter head from the drawer at her side with the air of a person in deep thought. Then, with a scornful smile playing about her lips, she dropped the paper into the machine, gave the roller a quick contemptuous turn and murmured to herself:

"A perfect cad!"

Fight the conviction as he would, Oglesby became more and more convinced as the days went by that a dire thing had happened to him. Why, otherwise, was he forever furtively watching her clear, pure outlines with satisfied delight?

Yet his very soul winced at the thought of an Oglesby in love with a typewriter girl—and one, moreover, who scarcely noticed him! With that thought the queer, unreasonable exultation that he had experienced before at being snubbed darted through him. He was proud of her—proud of her as if she had been himself.

For two generations the Oglesbys had married belles of their day. Indeed, to be born an Oglesby—and a man—was much the same thing as being born a prince of the blood.

And now the head of the Oglesby family was absolutely dependent upon a girl of the people—a young woman who earned her living by means of the skill by which her long, white fingers ticked off the letters that pertained to the vast Oglesby interests.

Admitting that the impossible could happen, he reflected, wouldn't it be sweet? Ghoulish headlines in the daily newspapers: "Oglesby Weds His Pretty Stenographer!" "Romance In a Wall Street Office!" The thought was too much. And he turned to the papers that lay on his desk with his lips shut in a cruel smile. She must go!

"She is a queen, all right," he was thinking as he held a precautionary document before his eyes in the delusion that he was reading it, "she's a queen. But we Oglesbys cannot marry queens who live and rest from their queenliness."

At [illegible] at the door, [illegible] thoughts [illegible] takes to [illegible] shrank out [illegible]. After all she need not go. The mere [illegible] of the round, cheerful girl with a [illegible] pompadour filling her place made him feel murderous.

He rose to place a chair for her, dimly aware through the confusion of his thoughts that she had expressed a wish to speak to him upon a personal matter. Then a shiver of intuition caused him to look at her keenly.

"And I should like to get away as soon as I can, Mr. Oglesby, without inconveniencing the firm in any way," were the first words that Oglesby heard clearly as he recovered from his dazed surprise.

For a moment he did not speak. For the first time in all his elegant, arrogant life Hubert Oglesby felt forlorn, bereft! In that moment the Oglesby pride was forgotten.

"May I ask why you have decided to leave us?" he asked at last, very humbly and with a fear clutching at his heart as a very probable reason for her action suggested itself to his imagination.

"Of course," he went on soberly, not waiting for her to speak, "I do not need to tell you how much I—how much we have appreciated your presence here. We"—

She interrupted him by a little gesture at once imperious and girlish. Now that she was about to leave, the cold reserve of her manner had disappeared.

"You've all been so very kind to me here that"—

Something in the intense gaze that he bent upon her caused her to leave her sentence unfinished. Then slowly the color burned in her cheeks like the fire in an opal, and Mr. Oglesby was speaking, rapidly, eagerly and as a man rather than an Oglesby.

"Don't tell me that it is too late," he pleaded, "and that there is some one else. I think I have loved you from the first, but"—

He stopped in embarrassment. Miss Wentworth looked up at him with a quizzical smile.

"The Oglesby pride?" she queried, with gentle raillery.

It was a trying moment. Oglesby turned hot and red with shame. The Oglesby pride suddenly seemed to him a contemptible thing. Then he looked up and nodded with dull hopelessness. She would never forgive such an admission as that, he felt sure.

Miss Wentworth laughed delightfully—unaccountably.

"The Wentworths of Boston," she observed demurely, "are unused to being scorned!"

"But how in the world came you to be earning your living?"

"Family and fortune," she smiled back at him, "sometimes part company."

And in that smile Oglesby read that there really might be a chance for him—some time!

To Be an Angel.

Small Martin, aged four, ventured a few steps down the street away from his own doorway. A big black dog, frolicsomely inclined, ran after him. The terrified youngster dashed back to his own gate, up the steps and into the house, where his mother sat sewing.

"Oh, mamma, I wish I was dead," he sobbed, clinging to her knees.

"Oh, Martin, dear, don't say that!" cried his mother, clasping her darling to her breast.

"'Es, I do. 'Cause 'en I'd be a little angel, an' I'd have wings an' 'ere wouldn't be a dog in town 't could catch me."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A BOOK FIELD WANTED.

She Post Had a Long Search, but It Finally Turned Up.

Eugene Field was a book collector, and one of his favorite jokes, according to the Philadelphia Post, was to enter a bookshop where he was not known and ask in the solemnest manner for an expurgated edition of Mrs. Hemans' poems. One day in Milwaukee he was walking along the street with his friend, George Yenowine, when the latter halted in front of a bookshop and said: "Gene, the proprietor of this place is the most serious man I ever knew. He never saw a joke in his life. Wouldn't it be a good chance to try again for that expurgated Mrs. Hemans?" Without a word Field entered, asked for the proprietor, and then made the usual request. "That is a rather scarce book," came the reply. "Are you prepared to pay a fair price for it?" For just a second Field was taken aback. Then he said, "Certainly, certainly. I—I know it's rare." The man stepped to a case, took out a cheaply bound volume and handed it to Field, saying, "The price is $5." Field took it nervously, opened to the title page and read: In correct print, "The Poems of Mrs. Felicia Hemans, Selected and Arranged With All Objectional Passages Excised by George Yenowine, Editor of Isaac Watts For the Home," "The Fireside Hannah More," etc., with the usual publisher's name and date at the bottom. Field glanced up at the bookseller. He stood there the very picture of sad solemnity. "I'll take it," said Field faintly, producing the money. Outside Yenowine was missing. At his office the boy said that he had just left, saying that he was going to Standing Rock, Dakota, to keep an appointment with Sitting Bull.

EXERCISES FOR HEALTH.

A Little Shaking Up Before Breakfast Is a Good Thing.

For almost every person under fifty, and by a great many people over fifty, exercise is the nearest approach to a panacea for bodily ills that has yet been devised. Causing the body to move, stretch and push and pull makes the blood circulate, the liver do its work and the nerves pick up their dropped stitches. An excellent time to exercise is before breakfast. Neither man nor beast, as a rule, goes to sleep hungry. During sleep there is little waste of energy. On waking there is no immediate demand for replenishment of lost tissues. Furthermore, the long sleep has left the nerves and the digestive apparatus dull and leadened. To sit down to a hearty breakfast within fifteen or twenty minutes after getting out of bed means that the stomach receives food which it does not need and will not readily digest.

A little shaking up before breakfast arouses the vitality and consequently makes the appetite and digestion better. That means better work done during the day. If a man can get away from work in time to take additional exercise during the afternoon he will have a better appetite for the evening meal and more power to digest it. That will mean better sleep at night. Many a man has succeeded in the world without paying any attention to his body—Joseph Chamberlain, for instance. But such men would probably have succeeded more easily and certainly with more pleasure to themselves if they had taken care of their bodies. A strong mind is certainly stronger and more enduring in a healthy body than in a sickly one. The best way to keep the body healthy is to use it.—Chicago Tribune.

Temper.

A great source of cruelty is temper. When it is considered what a vast sum of misery temper causes in the world, how many homes are darkened and how many hearts are saddened by it; when we remember that its persecutions have not even the purifying consequences of most other calamities, inasmuch as its effects upon its innocent victims are rather cankerous than medicinal; when we call to mind that a bright face and a bright disposition are like sunshine in a house, and a gloomy, lowering countenance as depressing as an Arctic night, we must acknowledge that temper itself is only another form of cruelty, and a very bad form too.

A Family Problem.

Teacher was explaining the meaning of the word recuperate.

"Now, Willie," she said, "if your father worked hard all day he would be tired and all worn out, wouldn't he?"

"Yes'm."

"Then when night comes and his work is over for the day, what does he do?"

"That's what ma wants to know."—Cleveland Leader.

His Point of View.

"What is your idea of a truly good wife?" asked the youth.

"A truly good wife," answered the Cumminsville sage, "is one who loves her husband and her country, but doesn't attempt to run either."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Looking Ahead.

She (bored)—No, Mr. Lively, I can never love you. I honor and respect you. I am sure you would make some other woman a good husband. I—He—Well, er—could you—er—give me a letter of recommendation to my next place?

Children never know what a safeguard their mother has been to them till after their father is left a widower.—Atchison Globe.

Success may sometimes come unexpectedly, but work alone can hold it.—Murray.

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Mr. Miggs' Mitigator

By CAROLYN WELLS

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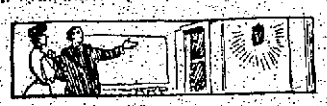
EZRA MIGGS, as any one might surmise from his name, was an inventor, and if his name is unknown to scientific fame it is only because his inventions were of that indefinite sort which are interesting in the extreme, but which never seem to be of any practical use.

His experiments, which were often conducted before large and intelligent audiences, were always successful and as phenomenal and marvelous as those of liquid air, but absolutely useless.

But at last Ezra Miggs invented something which he felt sure must be a boon to all mankind from Indus to the pole, and in the exuberance of his joy and satisfaction over his new achievement he ran at once to the home of his fiancee, Miss Mabel Hooper, to describe the new invention to her and to enjoy her loving and enthusiastic congratulation, for as Miss Hooper was a sympathetic young woman and had



"I'VE INVENTED A MITIGATOR!"

never been engaged before she took a deep and absorbing, if somewhat ignorant, interest in all Mr. Miggs' inventions and looked upon her betrothed as something better than a Franklin and a little wiser than a Lavoisier.

And so it happened that when Mr. Miggs burst enthusiastically into her presence exclaiming, "My dear Mabel, I've invented a mitigator!" she beamed gladly and responded:

"Oh, Ezra, I so hoped you would!"

"You see, Mabel," he went on, "the usefulness of an invention depends entirely on the number of people it affects. Now, is there any one in the whole world who is not affected by excessive heat or cold?"

"No one," said Miss Mabel in a tone that would have carried conviction to the most bigoted controversialist.

"Then," said Mr. Miggs triumphantly, "if I mitigate the fierceness of winter's cold and of summer heat, which by my new invention I have proved myself capable of doing, am I or am I not benefiting mankind to a vast, an incalculable extent?"

"You are," said Miss Hooper as fervently as before. And she gazed adoringly at her lover as though she would look through his eyes into the master mind behind them.

"And the machine," went on Mr. Miggs, appreciating her admiration, but unable during the stress of his present intellectual excitement to respond to it, "is so small, so convenient, and so accurate in its perfect mechanism that I may already look upon it as a practical and therefore financial success."

"And when may I see it tested?" asked Miss Hooper, who had learned by experience that this question was now due.

"Whenever you like," replied Mr. Miggs radiantly. "Shall we say to-morrow?"

"Tomorrow is just the day! I am giving an afternoon tea, and as the weather is so bitterly cold I feared the attendance would be small. But if you could—well—that is—how does the invention work?"

"Oh, it is applicable to all areas or localities. Suppose I hang it on your front veranda tomorrow afternoon. It will automatically mitigate the cold in the atmosphere and the air will become warmer and the thermometer rise as if a new sun had diffused a gentle radiance all about."

"Oh, that will be fine! And then all my friends will come, especially Miss Boynton, who never ventures out in cold weather, and I want her particularly because she will bring her brother, and men are always scarce at a tea."

About 3 o'clock the next day Mr. Ezra Miggs hung a small box not unlike a pocket camera on the outside wall of Miss Hooper's house.

That young woman watched the performance with interest and gazed in silent awe as Mr. Miggs adjusted dials and set registers among the complicated machinery.

At last the inventor declared the mitigator was in working order, and he and Miss Hooper went back into the house to await results.

It was an unusually cold day, with a fierce northeast wind which blew like liquid ice and left the atmosphere raw and penetrating.

After waiting half an hour Mr. Miggs proudly escorted Miss Hooper out of doors again, fully confident of the success of his invention. Nor was he disappointed. The air, though still cold, was soft and pleasant; the wind had calmed down to a brisk breeze, and it was simply a fresh, bracing winter day.

"Is it warm enough?" asked Mr. Miggs anxiously. "We don't want to overdo it and get July weather, you know."

"It is fine!" cried Miss Hooper, clapping her pretty hands. "And it is just as I like it. But Miss Boynton is so delicate and so afraid of a chill! Suppose we let it get a trifle warmer."

"Very well," assented Mr. Miggs. And they returned to the house, and then the guests began to arrive for the tea.

"How warm it's growing?" and "How the weather has moderated!" exclaimed every one as they entered. And Miss Hooper smiled with inward satisfaction as she greeted Miss Boynton and her handsome brother.

But as the Hooper furnace had been urged to its utmost during the frigid morning hours it had now reached a point where it was impossible to check it. The rooms were growing unbearably warm, and Miss Hooper called Ezra Miggs to her and begged him to stop mitigating the cold weather or they would all be baked alive.

"Why, Mabel, dear," he replied, "my machine mitigates heat as well as cold. I will bring it inside, reverse the indicators, and soon it will mitigate the heat of these rooms to a pleasant temperature. Have no fear. I will watch it carefully and not allow the house to grow too cold."

The mitigator worked like a charm. Hung unnoticeably on the drawing room wall, it soon reduced the temperature of the house to the most desirable degree, and all were comfortable once more—all, that is, save Ezra Miggs.

Although his invention was proving itself a marvel of practical usefulness, he was plunged into depths of deepest woe, and this because Mr. Boynton, whom Miss Hooper had expressed such anxiety to have present, was monopolizing the attention of that charming lady to a marked degree. He hung over her chair and plied her with merry banter, to which she responded with coy and bewitching demeanor.

As Mr. Miggs watched them he felt his angry passions rise, and in defiance of Dr. Watts' dictum his hands felt wildly motioned toward Mr. Boynton's deep and expressive eyes.

But Ezra Miggs was not an inventive genius for nothing. He knew that he must not give way to his temper and make an exhibition of himself in a lady's drawing room, and yet the fires of jealousy and anger surging up in his heart were well nigh uncontrollable. So like a flash he conceived the clever idea of mitigating his own fury with his own mitigator.

The rooms, now at a proper temperature, no longer needed the assistance of the machine, and Ezra, without attracting attention, took it from the

HE PLACED IT IN HIS INSIDE BREAST POCKET.

wall and placed it, with the cooling adjustment still going, in his inside breast pocket.

The effect, though gradual, began at once, and after a few moments Mr. Miggs could look calmly on while his betrothed flirted desperately with another and a handsomer man. This was well, and able now to rejoice fully in the success of his great invention, Ezra Miggs gave himself up to the gayety of the occasion and chatted entertainingly.

After the tea was over and the last guest had shaken hands and gone out into the pleasant, balmy dusk Mr. Miggs, by virtue of his presumptive connection with the family, stayed behind to dinner.

He was enthusiastic over the virtues of his mitigator, and Miss Mabel was even more flattering than usual, for she knew that she had neglected Ezra during the afternoon and felt a trifle guilty.

But for a wonder Mr. Miggs paid little attention to her kindly speeches and seemed more interested in conversing with her father and mother.

Miss Mabel was a little annoyed at this; but, still remembering Philip Boynton, she redoubled her efforts to be fascinatingly attractive. To no avail, however, for, though Ezra answered her with utmost politeness, he seemed to have no especial regard for her.

Later in the evening the young couple found themselves alone in the dimly lighted music room.

"I can't bear it, Ezra!" said Miss Hooper, almost sobbing, as she flung her fluffy pompadour against his gardenia. "What has changed you so? Don't you love me any more?"

Ezra Miggs started as a man who has suddenly awakened to a fact.

"Why, Mabel," he said, "I don't believe I do. I can't explain it, but somehow I don't feel the slightest affection for you. I admire you, of course; I recognize your beauty and grace, but I must confess I don't love you."

"Oh," wailed Miss Hooper, "it's all because of that horrid Philip Boynton! I wish he hadn't come! I wish—I wish I were dead!"

"No, Mabel, no," said Mr. Miggs, cuddling her lady gently; "no, it isn't because of Mr. Boynton. I know it isn't, and I'll tell you how I know."

Mabel listened to the account of how Mr. Miggs' jealous rage was lessened

SHE THREW THE MACHINE ON THE FLOOR.

and finally extinguished by his wonderful mitigator, and as the narrative neared its end she raised her head with a sudden inspiration.

"Ezra Miggs," she cried, "where is that adorable mitigator?"

"Here," he answered, slapping his breast pocket. And with a hand dive Miss Hooper extricated it and waved it aloft.

"I see it all!" she exclaimed. "The horrid, horrid thing! It is this that, resting against your heart, has mitigated your love for me! But it shall never do so again!" And, throwing the delicately wrought machine on the floor, she brought down her Cuban heel upon it with all the precision and muscular force of an expert in physical culture.

Ezra Miggs looked dazed at first; but, relieved from the influence of the machine, his affection was returning with unmitigated fervor, and he clasped Miss Hooper to his heart with no words but those of forgiveness and love.

Swans' Eggs and Thunder.

A beautiful white swan sat patiently on her nest in a zoo.

"She's a-settin'," her keeper said. "There's seven eggs under her, and they'll all be ready to hatch out by the time the next thunderstorm comes up."

"Thunderstorm?" said the visitor. "What has a thunderstorm got to do with it?"

"It'll hatch out the eggs," the keeper explained. "Swans' eggs are so bloomin' hard that nothin' short of a good clap of thunder will burst 'em. It's a well understood fact among naturalists that young swans are never hatched except during thunderstorms. Did you ever examine a swan's egg? Why, hang it, it's as hard as a rock!"

Considerably impressed, the visitor sought out the superintendent of the zoo.

"Your bird keeper," he said, "tells me that swans' eggs are so hard that it takes a thunderclap to hatch them. Is this true?"

"It is a tradition," the superintendent said gently. "Many persons think it true. You and I, however, would just call it a tradition—an odd, pleasant, interesting tradition."—Washington Post.

Ceremony of Introduction.

There can be no question as to the safeguard thrown around society generally by the ceremony of introduction. The man or woman of the world who has become possessed of the proper savior faire may speak to whom he or she pleases, because it is never his or her pleasure to speak to the wrong person, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

But the introduction is an essential, and the introducer should be held responsible. Nothing so evidences the proper knowledge of the correct as one's way of introducing—the younger to the older, the maid to the matron, the man to the lady. These are correct as well as that the distinguished guest should always have others presented to him or her, not be presented to them.

Names should always be most distinctly pronounced, as much embarrassment results and sometimes great mistakes. It is pleasant to mention a mutual acquaintance also in making introductions.

WHAT THEY READ.

Hogarth was fond of joke books and farces and enjoyed them immoderately.

Mario, the great tenor, read anything he could obtain relating to sports or hunting.

"Papa Haydn liked stories, and he said, 'The more love there is in them the better.'"

George III., for many years of his life, read nothing but his Bible and prayer book.

Swift made a special study of the Latin satirists and imitated their style and language.

Da Vinci read Pindar and thought him the noblest poet who ever wrote in any language.

Heine seldom read anything but poetry, but he read that with the most scrupulous attention.

A Sensitive Conscience.

Carrie—Goodness, it's that horrid old bore, Wilkins. Tell him I have gone out, Belle—No, I won't tell a story, but I will say that you have not come back yet.

THERMOMETERS.

The Bulbs, the Tubes and the Marking of the Degrees.

There are many different uses for thermometers and as many different styles as cases. They range from the tiny half inch tubes attached to Christmas cake cars to the enormous twelve foot instruments used in experimental work by meteorologists.

Perhaps the most difficult part of the manufacture of thermometers is that of fitting the tube with a bulb of exactly the right capacity. The size of the latter must have an exact relation to that of the former. If it is too large for the bore the mercury or colored alcohol, whichever is used, will not rise high enough in the tube; if too small it will rise too high. In the little clinical thermometer on whose story the physician depends so often for his decision the bore is so fine that a human hair can hardly be inserted. As these thermometers must be registered to record minutely the temperature, the person on whose judgment depends the size of the bulb to be attached must be a highly skilled workman. The men who do this part of the work have to be highly paid.

The marking of the degrees on the hollow tube is the step next in importance in the making of the blessing. The process is so simple that one can prove the accuracy of a thermometer for one's self by the same method. The freezing point is secured by immersing the bulb in a box of melting ice and the boiling point by attaching it to a steam pipe or immersing it in boiling water. Scratches are made on the tube at the points reached by the mercury under these two tests, and the space between is then marked off into 100 spaces for a centigrade thermometer and 180 for a Fahrenheit instrument, the marking beginning in the first instance at zero and in the second at 32. This makes the boiling point in one case 100 and in the other 212 degrees. Thermometers are apt to deteriorate in value as they age, owing to a contraction of the glass of the bulb. The amount of the error can be determined by immersing the bulb in melting ice and making a mark for the new freezing point. To insure the accuracy of thermometers the manufacturers usually store them for a year, testing them from time to time.—New York Tribune.

THE WILLOW TREE.

John Parke Custis Planted the First One in This Country.

When the south sea bubble in England collapsed one of the speculators went to Smyrna to repair his fortune. He was a friend of Alexander Pope and sent him a box of figs in which had been placed a twig of a tree. Pope planted the twig on his grounds on the shore of the Thames, not knowing of what tree it was. It grew and was a weeping willow. In 1775, when the tree was over fifty years old, one of the young British officers who came to Boston with the British army brought a twig from the tree, which he intended to plant on his lands after the rebellion had been crushed. John Parke Custis, son of Mrs. Washington, going on errands to the British camp under a flag of truce, became acquainted with the owner of the willow twig, which was draped in oiled silk, and obtained it from him, which he planted near his home at Abingdon, Va., where it became the progenitor of all the weeping willows in America.

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